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MY FATHER'S SICK-BED.

BY T. D.

Three days I've spent in watching
  Beside my father's bed ;
Three nights short slumbers catching,
  Where lay his rev'rend head—
Like statue carv'd in marble,
  Disease had blanch'd it so,
And motionless for silent hours,
  When night-winds ceas'd to blow.
Then thoughts of long-past moments
  With throbs of love return'd ;
And on my care-worn features
  Tears, as in childhood, burn'd,
Recalling ways he'd travel'd,
  And painful tasks he'd done,
In days of vig'rous manhood,
  For me, his eldest son ;
And for the little circle
  Our family that made ;
How care for us had whiten'd
  That dear, that rev'rend head.
O God ! while, with these feelings
  And thoughts, I watch and wake,
Teach me to love Thee doubly
  For my dear father's sake.
Thou gav'st him strength and courage
  In many a trying hour ;
From infancy Thou'st kept him,
  By Thy almighty power.
Each word of love and kindness
  His lips have ever said,
Each joy his welcome presence
  Upon my heart has shed ;
All his examples giv'n,
  Each hope and pure desire,
Father who art in heaven,
  Thou taught me through my sire

ANOTHER CAPTIVE.

GLENDOWER;

OR,

THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

A STORY OF THE COAST AND WATERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NEW TURN IN THE WHEEL.

If there were those who suspected that the earl of Stanbury had slain Sir Roland, they kept it to themselves, or only whispered it as a profound secret. It was proved that his lordship had arrived at Ravendale, on the day of the murder, by the high road, and also that he returned by the same way. The people who lived round about had heard of the landing of the pirates, and of their carrying off Julian and Mark; and later still, as they supposed, of their abducting Margaret Glendower. So it was generally believed that the buccaneers had done the fatal deed. Sir Roland had himself been the magistrate for that section, before whom criminal examinations were generally held; but as the earl was also a justice of the peace, he held the examination himself, calling another justice from Cloughton to sit with him. The coroner had rendered a verdict of death by the hands of some person or persons unkown, and the result of the magistrates' examination amounted to no more.

Adam Nolan shook his head mysteriously, but he dared not say anything publicly. He and the old park-keeper talked the matter over in all its bearings. The old man had told him how strangely the dogs had acted on that fatal day, and, notwithstanding the evidence which had been given in, they had no doubt between them as to who did the deed. But they knew Lord Stanbury's power—they knew how people whom he seemed to dislike had disappeared—and they thought it best to keep quiet for the present, and learn what more they could.

A will had been found, and in due time it was opened. There were some bequests of money to the servants, and a gift of ten thousand pounds to his only brother, and only surviving member of his father's family, Walter Dean. All the rest of the property—real estate, moneys, and heir-looms—was bequeathed to Emma. And furthermore, his brother Walter was appointed guardian of his child, said guardianship to exist until she was twenty-one years of age, or until she was married.

Dame Warrenton had given up all hope.

"Alas!" she groaned, when Adam Nolan came to see her one day, "they have taken away my son, and I shall never see him again! They have taken away Julian Glendower, and the light of his smile will make me glad no more. They have snatched Margaret from me, and her sweet voice can sound for me never from this time! And now they have slain the man who was a friend to us all. Good Adam, don't you know something of all this?"

"I know so little that I might as well know nothing," the woodman replied. "Still, concerning Mark and Julian I can have no doubt. That they fell into the hands of the pirates is certain; but of Margaret I am not so sure. It may have been that the villains were lurking about here all the while. But, dame, there is something which I would have you tell me. Thou knowest how much cause a certain party had to fear, or hate, Margaret Glendower."

"Stop, Adam," the old lady cried. "My lips are sealed upon that. I could not tell you if I would, and I would not if I could. There is an evil spirit abroad that hears every word that is uttered. I do not believe the pirate killed Sir Roland."

"Then help me watch," said Adam. "What is lost is lost, but there is some satisfaction in knowing where it went to, and that is what I mean to find out if I can. It may be that all our lost ones are dead. If they are, heaven rest their souls! but if they are not, then I hope we may find them."

"And if we don't find them, I care not how soon I go!" returned the aged woman. "I have seen sorrow enough—I have seen all I can bear"

"We've all seen sorrow, dame. The cup has been deep and bitter. There's sorrow here; and there's sorrow at the lodge; and there's sorrow at Ravendale. But still we don't know how much evil has been done. We know that Sir Roland is dead, but we don't know that the others are dead. Let us hope awhile longer."

Dame Warrenton would not wholly despair, but she could not find the hope Adam Nolan would hold out to her. She dared not tell him how deep were the grounds of her fears, for she dreaded the avenging demon that might come down upon her. Her grey head was bowed in sorrow, and she could not lift it up.

In due time Walter Dean came on from London, and was soon settled at Ravendale, where he stepped into his dead brother's shoes, and at once took charge of the estate. He was a bachelor; eight-and-forty years of age; rather portly in person, and evidently shattered by long dissipation. The two brothers had not met for several years, and Sir Roland had not known the course of Walter's life. He had loved him, as one like him would naturally love an only brother, and had always supposed him upright and honorable. But he had not been long on the estate before the servants began to dislike him exceedingly. At times he was jocose and free, even to disgusting vulgarity; while at others he was fractious and peevish, and, not unfrequently, brutal. He drank deeply, and, on more than one occasion, his attendant had put him to bed in a state of beastly intoxication.

Emma was unhappy enough without this new source of trouble. The blow which she suffered from the loss of Julian was still heavy upon her when that more fearful blow came with the death of her father. She had wept and mourned till the bloom had all faded from her cheek, and now she settled down into a calm, quiet grief, seeking consolation in prayer and communion with the spirits of the departed. She soon saw enough of her uncle to dislike him exceedingly, but she tried to keep her thoughts to herself, hoping that she might never have any trouble with him. She knew that his power over her was the same as that of a parent, in so far as her own welfare was concerned, but she had no fears that he would interfere with any plans she might hold. She had seen her uncle but once before, and that was when she was a mere child. She had heard her father speak of him often, and she knew that he thought him a different man from what he now proved himself to be.

"My father would never have made him my guardian had he known how debased he was," she said to Mary Nolan.

"Of course he wouldn't," returned Mary, who was a stout, fair-looking, warm-hearted maiden of thirty. "But that Lun'un is a bad place to bring such a man up in. They learn awful bad things there. The baronet had ought to have known how bad he was."

"He had no means of knowing, Mary. Walter's letters were always full of love, and he wrote that he was doing well; and my father believed him."

"Your father used to send him money sometimes, didn't he?"

"Yes—a hundred pounds, or so, at a time."

"And I suppose he gambled it away."

"Gambled!" replied Emma, with a start. "Do you think he gambles?"

"Perhaps I oughtn't to have said anything about it, Emma; but I didn't think."

"You should tell me all you know," returned our heroine, earnestly, "for I would not rest in ignorance of anything that so nearly concerns me. Do you think he gambles?"

"Adam says he does. He goes to Scarborough sometimes; and he has been to Whitly; and——"

"And what, Mary?"

"I shouldn't have gone so far, for Adam made me promise that I would not tell you. I forgot myself when I first spoke."

"Never mind now, Mary. Tell me what you were going to say."

"It wasn't anything of any consequence, Emma."

"But I would know it. If you love me tell me all."

"Oh! you know I love you, dear missus; and it's because I do love ye that I'd keep the rest to myself. But it isn't anything. You wouldn't care to know."

"But I do care to know," said Emma, almost sternly; "and I want you to tell me. I have borne too much already to have anything startle me now. What were you going to say?"

"If Adam is offended with me you'll——"

"I'll bear all the blame, and bid him not scold you, Mary."

"Well, Emma, I was going to say that Sir Thomas Cleaveland has been with your uncle a good deal."

"Sir Thomas!" repeated the maiden, with a sudden start.

"Yes; they've been together much of late, and seem to be very intimate. But do not be alarmed, for, really, there may be nothing of harm in it."

"There must be harm in that man's companionship!" cried Emma. "Oh! as sure as God is, the Earl of Stanbury bears dark crime upon his soul. He knows where Julian is—I am sure he does."

"I hope not," said Mary.

"I wish I could hope so, for you may be assured that the thought is not a pleasant one. Ah—I may never see Julian again! Mary, you do not know what a noble man he was."

"Yes, I do, Emma. I have seen him, and I have heard others speak of him. Adam has told me all about him."

"And Adam liked him?" said Emma, looking into her companion's face.

"That he did," replied Mary, with energy. "He says he never saw a man he liked so well."

Emma Dean rested her brow upon her hands, and burst into tears. All the stout cords of love which had bound her soul to earth were snapped in sunder, and hope seemed fled from her forever. When Mary Nolan saw how her mistress was affected, she arose from her seat, and quietly withdrew.

Mary had spoken the truth concerning Walter Dean and Sir Thomas. They had been together much in London, and the intimacy was now renewed. They seemed well suited to each other in many respects. By a long course of dissipation and debauchery, Walter had blunted whatever of moral sensibility he might once have possessed, and at the present time he had reached that point where passion and appetite hold full sway. He hesitated at nothing which could minister to his depraved cravings, and he wished for no companions who would not join him in his debaucheries. And he had no fault to find with the earl in this respect. Sir Thomas needed excitement, to keep his thoughts from the dark deeds he had done, and was doing, and Walter Dean was just the man to afford it. Thomas Cleaveland was the greater villain of the two, though Dean was full as reckless of consequences. The first was a villain by nature, while the other had grown to be a villain from evil associations.

One afternoon Walter Dean rode over to Woldhill, and asked the earl to go with him to Scarborough.

"What's on hand now?" Sir Thomas asked.

"Only amusement, my boy. We'll go to the club, and find some way to kill time. What say you?"

"I'll go, with all my heart," was the ready reply.

In a few minutes the earl was ready, and the two rode away together. They reached Scarborough before dark, and having strolled about *until near nine o'clock*, they repaired to the club-room, where they found quite a company already assembled. In the gaming-hall a few persons were playing, and ere long the earl and Walter Dean were at it. For a while they played in company with others, and Walter won considerable. At length, however, they were left to play alone, and having ordered another bottle of wine, they threw aside the cards and called for the dice-box, staking their money on the highest throw.

"This is the best game?" cried Dean, tossing off a glass of wine, and then giving the dice a shake. "It doesn't keep a man long in suspense. With your cards you must play a tedious game, and before it is ended your stakes get cold. Come, my lord—here's for the first throw!" and he threw the dice out upon the table.

He won the throw, and also won the first stake. For an hour they played with varied success. At times one would win, and then the other. Dean drank deeply, while the earl was more careful, though he appeared to join his companion in every libation. Finally Dean threw down a hundred pounds, and asked Sir Thomas to cover it. He turned out the dice, and had two fives and a tray.

"There," he said, "if ye beat that, you'll take the biggest stake yet."

"But remember," said the earl, with a keen glance at his opponent, "this is only for amusement. We musn't allow ourselves to be carried away."

"Hiti-tum! Don't preach, my lord. I abominate preaching. Come—before you throw wash that bit of morality from your lips. Here."

Dean poured out a glass of wine for his companion, and then one for himself, and while he tipped his down his throat, the earl quietly spilled his upon the floor.

"Remember," resumed Walter, wiping his lips, "that I had thirteen."

"Aye," returned Cleaveland, with a smile, "and here goes to beat you."

"No, no—by the Lord Harry, no!" cried Dean, as he cast his eyes upon the dice after the other had thrown them. "Six—four—deuce! Ha, ha, ha! beat ye one point. Now for the two hundred, eh?"

"Just as you say," replied the young man, covering the stakes already down.

"Then for the two hundred. It's your throw back."

Lord Thomas threw out the dice,—five—four—ace. With a laugh and a good-natured oath Dean gathered them into the ivory box, and shook them well.

"The four hundred are mine," he said, as he turned the dotted cubes upon the table. "Six—four—tray! What say you?" he added, all excitement, "shall we call it eight hundred or nothing?"

"But, my dear sir——"

"Come, come,—none o' that. By heavens, the thought was on your tongue, and you shall wash it off. Here's to you."

Again Walter Dean poured down a brimming bumper, and again the earl poured his upon the floor.

"Now will ye make it the eight?" cried the former. "It's my first throw."

"Just as you say," was the earl's reply, as he drew a roll of bank-notes from his pocket, and placed four hundred pounds upon the table.

Dean threw the dice,—six—five—tray. Cleaveland took the box, and threw two more,—six—and two fives.

"Egad, I've lost," the former said. But his ardor was not in the least dampened. He was more eager than before, and at once threw out five hundred pounds.

And thus they played until near midnight, at which time Dean had lost two thousand pounds. He had drank deeply, and was beyond the control of reason, while his antagonist remained cool and collected, watching him with a careful, calculating gaze.

"There's a thousand pounds!" cried Dean, throwing the money upon the table.

Sir Thomas covered it, and won it.

"Let it lie. I'll put two thousand against it!" the loser said.

"Very well," returned the earl. "You must have your own way now."

Walter Dean did not see that his opponent had three dice of his own which he shook. Lord Thomas performed the trick very cleverly, changing the dice when he pleased, and thus throwing loaded ones when necessary. In a few moments the earl had won the four thousand pounds, and Dean was now forced to resort to notes-of-hand. He called for writing materials, and made his companion fill out some blank forms which he had with him, and as he needed them he signed them.

So they played on into the small hours of the morning, and just as the clock struck two, Walter Dean placed a note upon the table for ten thousand pounds.

"It's too rash. You've lost enough," said the earl. "Let us stop now."

"No, no," cried the other. "By heavens, you shall throw against that. I must either win back my loss, or go into it all over."

"Very well," returned Sir Thomas. "Be it so. There are ten thousand pounds in that roll. It is your throw."

Dean gathered up the dice, and shook them long and anxiously, for the magnitude of his stake seemed to sober him somewhat. He threw them out, and had two fives and a four. Thomas Cleaveland then took the box, and quickly made his throw. He had three fives!

Walter Dean asked to play no more, for he knew that he had already lost more than he could honestly pay. Yet he was kept in good humor on the way home, for Lord Thomas laughed and joked the whole time.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW WALTER DEAN WAS TO PAY HIS DEBT.

It was late in the day when Walter Dean arose, and the servants had never seen him so sullen and morose before. He had more than an ordinary debauch to overcome that day. As soon as he had quieted his nerves in a measure by a few draughts of wine, he sat down and referred to his note-book. He knew that he had lost three thousand pounds in money, which he had carried with him, and he found by his minutes that he had given his notes for fifteen thousand more. The sum was startling to him, for it was more than he could honestly raise. He might possibly get it from his dead brother's estate—his conscience would not have kicked much—but he feared detection. During the remainder of the day he roamed through the woods alone, and it was not until the day following that he could make up his mind to visit the earl.

When he went he found Sir Thomas alone, and he was met with a cordial greeting and a warm shake of the hand. Wine was ordered, and the two sat down at a table. For a while they conversed upon various topics, the earl rattling away as though there was no such thing as trouble. But Dean could not feel at ease. He tried very hard, but it would not work. Finally he resolved to broach the subject that lay so heavily upon his mind.

"Sir Thomas," he said, with an effort, "we played rather deeply the other night."

"Yes—rather," returned the earl, with a light laugh. "Here, my dear fellow, your glass is empty; let me fill it. So. Now—here's better luck next time."

Dean drank the wine, and then resumed:

"But that was an awful play for me, my lord."

"So it was for me," responded Cleaveland.

"I shouldn't have played so deeply," pursued Walter, nervously.

"Didn't I tell you so at the time?" said the earl, with another laugh. "I saw that the luck was against you, and I would have stopped you if I could. But you were determined, and no entreaties of mine could move you."

"I know—I know. But I was reckless, Sir Thomas, I was reckless. I went beyond all reason."

"You did go rather high, Walter. I declare—this is excellent wine. Don't you think so?"

"I' faith, I do, my lord."

"Then let's have your glass. Egad, I needed it yesterday. Here's to fortune."

When Dean had replaced his glass upon the table he drew his note-book from his pocket, and having looked it over a while, as though he were reckoning some gross amount, he said, in a sort of gasping tone—

"Sir Thomas, perhaps you are not aware how much I owe you."

"I know pretty near," was the quiet response. "Have you got it down?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Fifteen thousand pounds."

"That's right, I believe. I have your notes, you know."

"Yes. I gave them to you to that amount."

"That's all square, my dear sir."

"But," said Dean, while a flush deeper than the bloat-stain suffused his face, "I cannot raise this all immediately. I can raise ten thousand of it; but the rest must stand for a while."

"I am sorry you owe it to me," said the earl, in a frank tone; "but it can't be helped now."

"Oh—I don't worry about it," cried Dean, trying to appear cheerful. "It's done, and it can't be helped."

"Yet it comes rather hard on you, I suppose," remarked Cleaveland.

"Well—I must say it does," was the reply.

"Perhaps it would trouble you to raise the amount?" pursued the earl, with the snakish look coming to his eye.

"It would, Sir Thomas."

"Well— Here—let me fill your glass. So. Here's to a better understanding."

They drank the wine, and the earl then continued—

"Perhaps we might fix it in some other way. You might possibly render me some assistance that would be of more value to me than money."

Walter Dean caught at the hope thus thrown out in a moment. He would do anything, he thought, to be freed from this debt.

"Just say what I can do for you," he said.

"Well," returned Sir Thomas, leaning forward, and gazing into his companion's face, as though he would watch the effect of his words, "before your brother died I had some conversation with him touching my marriage with the Lady Emma. He seemed much pleased with the idea, and was ready for the match. In fact, he was anxious for it. He said he had often thought that our houses should be thus united."

"By my soul!" cried Walter, "a capital idea. A most proper idea."

"I think it would be one of the most advantageous arrangements that could be made," added the earl.

"And where can the lady find a better match," responded Dean.

"Surely. Where can she? I should give her one of the best titles in the kingdom."

"That's so, my lord. I declare—its just the thing. And what says my niece to it?"

"Ah—there's the rub, Walter. She is, I think, inclined to refuse me."

"Refuse you!" echoed Dean, with indignant surprise. "You must be jesting, my lord."

"No, I am in earnest. She refuses me—or, I cannot exactly say that. But I know she would refuse me if I were to ask her."

"Refuse *you!*—refuse a coronet! Bless me, I never heard of such a thing! Why—what can the girl be thinking of?"

"It's only a notion," said Cleaveland. "She has fancied that she shouldn't love me, perhaps; or, what is more likely still, she knows that such a plan has been entertained by our parents, and she don't like to give up to anything not of her own planning."

"She *is* a queer one," returned Dean, pouring out a glass of wine, and tossing it off. "But I think she can be cured of all such notions."

"Do you think you could help me in this?" the earl asked, with another snakish look.

"Be sure I could."

"Would you be willing to try it?"

"Why—I think the match should be made."

"And I think you could bring it about if you would."

"I'm sure I could," declared Walter, with an emphatic slap of his hand upon the table.

"If you could," pursued Sir Thomas, leaning farther forward as he spoke, and twirling his thumbs, "I might make it an object. That is—if you would help me, I would help you."

"I am open," said Walter, anxiously.

"I'd freely give you back your notes," replied the earl.

Dean didn't answer at once; and after a moment's pause Cleaveland added—

"And I'll make up to you all that you have lost to me."

"I think I can do it," said Dean, thoughtfully.

Sir Thomas mistook the cause of his companion's hesitation. The truth was, Dean was not very quick at thinking, and he was only reflecting upon the nature of his authority over Emma. He had come to the conclusion that he had all the power of a parent, and was upon the point of answering, when Cleaveland exclaimed—

"By the mass, Walter—if you will do it I will give to you, on the day of my marriage, twenty thousand pounds besides. What say you to that?"

Walter Dean reached over the table, and caught the earl by the hand.

"Sir Thomas," he said, "*she shall be your wife!*"

"Do you mean it?" cried the earl, starting to his feet.

"Aye—I do mean it. And those who know me know that I do not give my word in vain."

"But if she should refuse?"

"Then she must be made to do it. I think I have authority enough."

"You have plenty if you will exercise it."

"You may be assured I shall do that, sir."

"Then we may consider that settled," remarked Cleaveland, at the same time drawing out his pocket-book. "There—those are your notes, which you can tear up as soon as you please. And here are three thousand pounds, which you can put into your pocket. And, remember, you are to receive twenty thousand pounds on the day I am married to your niece."

"And if you are not married to her it shall be your own fault," said Dean, as he put the three thousand pounds into his pocket-book, and then tore his name from the notes. "But," he added, after a short pause, "hadn't you better see her first? Who knows, now that she is left an orphan, but that she would give her consent to your proposal. Egad, I think you had better try it."

The earl pondered upon the subject a while, and finally, after some argument, he resolved to speak with Emma first.

"Why not ride over now, with me?" said Dean.

"I will. The sooner we know her mind the better. One more glass, and we'll be off."

They filled their glasses again, and having emptied them they ordered their horses.

Emma Dean was in the garden, engaged in gathering a few flowers to set in one of her vases. She was not so pale as she had been, for as the summer wore away she became more reconciled to the calamity which had fallen upon her, and though she had no great earthly hopes remaining to cheer her, yet she had so schooled her heart that her thoughts were turned toward Heaven with a sustaining power. She had just finished her bouquet, when one of the servants came and informed her that her uncle wished to see her in the lower drawing-room. She obeyed the summons, and when she entered her uncle's presence she found Sir Thomas Cleaveland with him. For a moment she hesitated; and her first impulse was to retire, and send word to Walter that she would see him alone; but upon second thoughts she concluded to remain, and bear the interview as best she could.

"Ah, my dear child," said her uncle, advancing and extending his hand, "I am happy to see you looking so well. This is our mutual friend. You know him."

"The Lady Emma has not forgotten me, I think," remarked the earl, as he extended his hand.

It chilled her to the soul to touch that hand, but she would not refuse now.

"Ah—plucking flowers," Sir Thomas added, as he noticed the bouquet in her other hand.

"Yes, sir," she replied, moving back a pace.

"They are beautiful ones, I declare. I pray thee, let me look at them."

Emma handed them to him, and he took them with one of his most winning smiles and bows.

"Upon my soul, they are delightful," he cried, as he held them up and inhaled their fragrance. "I love flowers myself, lady. Woldhill would be a very desert to me without their sweet presence. They minister to some of the finest wants of our natures. I have often thought how dark and dreary must be the life of that man who has no love and appreciation of the beautiful in his soul."

He handed back the flowers as he spoke, and with them went a look which caused the maiden to shrink. It was only an admiring look, but then she feared such a look from him. He had seemed to speak of her instead of the flowers, using the latter only as a mask for his real meaning.

"Emma, my dear," said Walter, taking a step towards the door, "and you, my lord, excuse me a few moments." He went out as he spoke, and Emma was left alone with the man whom, of all others, she most loathed and feared. She was tempted to leave him without so much as making an excuse, but she would not do that. She felt assured he would not offer her harm, and she would suffer his presence while she must.

"Emma," spoke the earl, with as soft and pleasing a look as he could assume, "suffer me to call you by that name, for the acquaintance of years seems to have given me that privilege, you know not how I have sorrowed for you over the griefs you have been called upon to endure. You must have been very lonesome and unhappy."

"I have been unhappy, sir," she replied.

"And have you not been lonesome, too?"

"My misery left no room for any other feeling, sir."

"But you are growing more reconciled now, my dear lady."

"I am reconciled to that which I cannot avoid."

"Aye—such should be our aim," rejoined Cleaveland, with an attempt at moralizing. "When trials and sorrows fall upon us here, we should try to be reconciled. It is only through a firm trust in God that we poor mortals can find hope at such times."

"You speak truly, sir," the maiden said, with a spice of bitterness in her tone. "Could I not trust in God, I should be without trust entirely."

"Not quite, Emma. You have friends in whom you should place the most firm trust."

"I will not say that I am without such friends, sir."

"I thought you would not," returned the earl. He turned the heavy diamond ring upon his finger several times, and then added—"I have long been anxious to convince you that in me you possess a friend whom you can trust as the mariner trusts his unerring compass. Some time before that melancholy event which snatched from you a fond father, and which deprived me of one of my best and most valued friends, I had a long conversation with Sir Roland upon this very subject, although we put it in a little different form. We had spoken upon the subject before, but never so understandingly as at that time. Perhaps you can guess what the topic of our conference was. Perhaps you know. Perhaps your father told you."

"He told me nothing," replied Emma, with a calmness that surprised even herself. She had trembled when the earl began to speak, but when she knew his aim, and realized how false he was, she despised him, and in that feeling she was above him.

"Ah—I had hoped that he might have opened to you the plans which we then laid. But perhaps he left it for me to do, and I assume you I should have done it before, but for that sad event to which I have already alluded. However, it is not too late now. I must speak plainly."

"You will do so, if you wish that I should understand you," said the maiden, in a cold, repelling tone.

"Well," resumed Sir Thomas, with another twist of the diamond ring, "I will tell you what the subject of my conversation with your father was. We had been speaking of our estates, and how proper it was that they should be united. Thus we went on until I made a formal request for your hand. He was much pleased with my proposition, and assured me that it would give him the utmost satisfaction to grant my request. He said I might consider myself as the accepted suitor for the hand of his fair child. And thus the matter was left. Now, dearest, best of girls, I come to you. I offer you my heart, my hand, my title and my fortune. You will not reject me—you cannot say me nay."

Emma started as she saw the keen fire kindle in the earl's eye, for she could see the devil peering forth, but she lost not her outward calmess.

"I cannot entertain such a proposition now," she replied.

"But you will entertain it at some time. Perhaps you had better not give a final answer now."

"It must not be so, sir. I must answer you now, and forever. Beyond this hour I shall have no need to answer you more upon this subject. I can never be your wife."

"Don't say that, lady."

"I must say it, sir."

"No, no—there is no need of it. Think before you speak."

"I have thought, sir, and my answer is final."

"But remember—you may change your mind—you may regret this decision. We know not what the future may bring forth. You must recall that answer."

"I have spoken, and I shall not speak differently."

"Pshaw!" cried the earl, starting forward and seizing her by the hand. "You are foolish to hold such a whim. I cannot give you up thus."

"Unhand me! Touch me not!" she exclaimed, springing from him with a shudder. "I have no more answer for you."

"But you have a reason for this. Why should you reject me?"

"*Why?*" cried the maiden, clasping her hands upon her bosom, and shrinking further away from him. "Oh! ask me not. It is enough that I cannot be yours."

"But suppose I should say you shall be mine?" returned Cleaveland, forgetting himself in his sore chagrin.

"Then I'd do as I do now," the maiden replied, with a proud, defiant look. And she turned from the room, and left him alone.

For a few seconds the earl was struck motionless with astonishment and rage. Then he started to follow the lady, but in the hall he met Walter Dean.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TO YORK.

"Well, my lord," said Walter, as soon as they had reached the drawing-room, "what's the luck?"

"What I might have expected," returned the earl, with an oath. "She not only refused me, but she left me in disgust. She flew from me to show me how she would treat me if I ever approached her again."

"She did?" uttered Dean, in astonishment.

"Yes. She was as plain and plump as could be."

"Then," exclaimed the uncle, ripping out a tremendous oath, "she shall be made to give you her hand! I have been thinking over the subject, and I know that I have the power. If I cannot directly make her marry, I can at least worry her into it. My authority is sufficient for that."

"And you will not flinch," said the earl, earnestly.

"Don't allow yourself to entertain any fears on that score, sir. By the mass, I'm not to be thwarted by a mere girl, when my resolution is once taken. She shall be your wife, as true as you both live."

"But you had better commence carefully," suggested Sir Thomas, who had now become more cool. "She is a hard one to handle."

"I understand her. Do you leave her to me, my lord, and I'll soon bring her to her senses. I'll report progress as I go along."

It was now well nigh sundown, and the earl started for home.

Walter Dean was one of those men who, without a natural proneness to malevolence, may yet be led into the most diabolical course by their passions. He was stubborn and irritable, and unwilling to own restraint. So when he had once made up his mind that he would have his niece marry with Sir Thomas Cleaveland, he looked upon the work as something which he must do, and opposition could only make him more firm and unflinching in purpose. His entire recklessness of all moral considerations left him only the laws of the land to fear, and while he did not directly trample upon them, he would stop at nothing else. It was several days after the visit of the young earl that he ventured to approach the subject he had taken in hand, but finally he concluded that the time had arrived, and he called her into his room one evening, for the purpose of stating his wishes and plans. He had been very considerate in his conduct towards her for several days, and she hoped that he might, after all, prove a friend to her.

"Emma," he said, after she had taken a seat, "I have something of importance to say to you, and I want you to give your my attention."

He commenced with a tone and bearing of authority which she did not like, but she gave him her attention.

"I know something of what your father's plans were," he continued, "and I am anxious that those plans should be carried out. I suppose you do not intend to live here all your lifetime alone."

"I have made no plans for the future, uncle," she returned, "though I hope I may never live quite alone."

"You don't understand me. I mean to ask you if you think of allowing your father's house and name to die out with yourself. In short, don't you intend to take a husband one of these days?"

Emma was startled by this, for she knew very well where it was to lead; but she composed herself, and then replied,—

"I have no plans at present which aim that way. If I should form any, sir, you shall know it in due time."

"That will hardly answer, my child. Your father had formed plans for you, and I feel it my duty to see them carried out; and if you have that respect for his memory which I trust you have, you will join me in the work."

"Uncle Walter," said the maiden, with a trembling lip, "I beg of you not to speak to me in that manner again. You have no right to appeal to the holiest emotion my soul can feel."

"I have the right to remind you of your father's wishes, Emma; and I shall do so without reserve; and in doing so I must appeal to your respect for that father's memory. Are you not aware that your father, previous to his death, had some thoughts of your marrying?"

"He may have thought of it. In fact, he must have thought of it, for he spoke with me upon the subject."

"Ah—he did? Then you probably know his wishes upon that point. At all events, I know what they were, and I wish to see them carried out. Lord Thomas Cleaveland has spoken with me, and has asked for your hand. He offered his——"

"Stop, sir!—Stop!" cried Emma, starting from her chair.. "Mention not that name again in connection with such a subject."

"But— Sit down. It was your father's wish."

"It was not my father's wish, sir. He never wished that I should marry with Thomas Cleaveland."

"Don't dispute me, girl. I say, it *was* his wish."

"May I ask how you know?"

"Lord Thomas himself spoke with Sir Roland about it, and gained his consent to the union."

"And how know you that, sir?"

"The earl told me."

"O—and do you come to me with the saying of Thomas Cleaveland upon your lips, and give it to me for the truth? If you put faith in him, then you are sadly deceived. Let me have no more of it. I can tell you—solemnly assure you—that my father never for a moment entertained the thought of giving my hand to him. He knew the earl too well."

"There is no need of our disputing upon that point, my child. You admit that your father had spoken with you on the subject of marriage."

"He did speak with me on the subject, sir; but it was not of marriage with Thomas Cleaveland; nor did he promise my hand to any one."

"Very well. I have done it for him."

"You!" cried Emma. "*You* promised my hand?"

"Aye—to Sir Thomas Cleaveland," replied Walter, with much consequence.

"But—sir," gasped the maiden, hardly able to comprehend the man's full meaning, "you had no right to do that. You should not have placed me in such a position. You should have known that it would be unpleasant."

"What can there be unpleasant in being made a countess, my dear?"

"Made a countess?" repeated Emma. "Do you imagine that I could for a moment think of marrying with Thomas Cleaveland?"

"Why not?"

"*Why not?*—I'd sooner cast my title to this broad estate to the four winds of heaven, and wander an outcast through the land, begging my bread from door to door, than be his wife. You do not know me, sir, if you think I could sink myself so low as to mate with him!"

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed her uncle, more amazed by the girl's strange energy than angered by her opposition, "you are acting almost equal to the players in the theatre. But you'll have to come down a little. I have given my word, and it cannot be broken. Yet I have no desire to hurry matters. Any time between now and the coming of winter will do."

"Walter Dean," spoke the maiden, rising from her chair, and gazing her uncle full in the face, "if you have given any promise to Thomas Cleaveland, you must arrange with him as best you can. I shall have nothing more to do with him, and I hope you will never mention this subject to me again."

"Girl," cried Walter, now giving way to his passion, "you know little of me if you think to override my authority thus. I say—*you will marry with the earl!*"

"Not while life is mine, and I have sense and reason left," replied the maiden, with calm dignity.

"By the powers above me, you shall! I have so planned it—I have pledged my word—and it shall be fulfilled. If you think to thwart me you much mistake both my power and your own. I have given you notice, and you can govern yourself accordingly."

"And I," retorted Emma, "give you notice that no such consummation shall ever be reached. And here the matter had better drop."

"Drop!" repeated Walter, stamping his foot with rage. "By heavens, you shall see how I'll drop it! *Drop!*—By the mass, I'll show you that I am not your guardian for nothing! Now mark me:—As sure as you live you shall marry with Thomas Cleaveland! and if force becomes necessary, you shall find such force as you cannot well resist. If further labor on my part should be necessary, you shall know what suffering is! You had better come down quietly now, and give in, for give in you must, sooner or later."

"Can I speak more plainly than I have done?" said Emma, vehemently. "I tell you, I would die sooner than marry with that man! Who and what are you that you should dare to offer such plans? If you do not know the earl you had better go and study him ere you plan further."

"Beware how you speak to me, girl!" uttered Walter, in a low, threatening tone.

There was a quick answer upon Emma's lips, but she did not speak it. She knew that it would be better not to arouse her uncle's anger further if she could possibly avoid it: so she simply replied,—

"I have meant no offense, uncle. I have only meant to give you my firm and fixed resolution upon the subject in question. You have stated your plans, and I have frankly told you that they can never be carried out. Surely we need say no more."

"No more now," returned Walter, with a dark, determined look; "but do not think that this is the end. The end comes not until my will is done. You may depend upon that, and be governed accordingly. There—you can go now."

Emma Dean hurried away to her own room, and there sat and reflected upon what had just passed. She had seen enough of her uncle to know that he was base and unscrupulous, and that he would do all in his power to carry out his plans. At first she had little fear of the result; but when she had reflected more calmly, and weighed all the circumstances in her mind, she saw that he had more power than she had supposed. And she knew, too, that he was not only very intimate with the earl, but that they spent much of their time together. If they should both join their forces against her, as they most assuredly would, her position would be a hard one. She believed they would be capable of doing anything to further their designs, and that a mutual interest would bind them to each other. Furthermore, she had given them both cause for chagrin and anger, and hence they would be utterly merciless if she continued to resist them. She must have some friend with whom to confer, and she knew of no one in whose faith and judgment she could place such implicit trust as in that of Adam Nolan. She rang her bell, and her attendant soon made her appearance.

"Mary," she said, as the attendant set her lamp upon the dressing-table, "would you dare to go and see your brother to-night?"

"I would dare anything for you, my mistress," was the ready reply. "But what has happened? What did your uncle want with you?"

Emma related to her all that had passed, and when she had expressed her deep indignation, she started off after her brother. Adam came, and was conducted at once to Emma's presence, where he listened, with mingled feelings of astonishment and wrath, to the story she had to tell him.

"I ha' feared somethin' o' this sort," he said, after pondering awhile. "When I ha' seen those two men together, I know'd the mischief be with 'em. But let us do nothin' yet. Let me watch them. I am ready, at any moment, to come to your assistance, dear lady, and you can depend upon me to the end."

After a long consultation, it was determined that matters should be allowed to remain as they were until some further developments should be made. It might be barely possible that Walter would not push his plan to the extreme. So Adam Nolan returned to his lodge, and Emma retired to dream upon this new calamity that had befallen her.

If they had supposed that Walter Dean would for a moment entertain the thought of giving up the project he had formed, they were much mistaken, as they were destined soon to ascertain. Emma continued to avoid her uncle for a few days, but finally he sought her in her own room, and was more vehement and passionate than before. And so he sought her day after day, pouring out his wrath in curses and threats, until, at length, she could bear it no more. She sent for Adam Nolan, and he came to her.

"Adam," she said, "I can stand up under this no longer. My uncle is not only determined in his course, but he is ugly and brutal in his demeanor towards me."

"I know they be determined to make you marry," returned the woodman. "Your uncle an' Sir Thomas be together a great deal, and I ha' seen enough to assure me that they are bound to each other in the carryin' on o' this work. I can take my oath, by Odin and Thor, and by Woden and Balder, that your uncle is completely under the thumb o' the wicked earl."

"Then of course there can be no hope here," said the maiden; "for though no power on earth can force me to wed against my will, yet they have the power to crush and torture me without mercy."

"Aye," replied Adam, with a shake of the head, "and they may have the power to make you wed after a fashion of their own. Ye don't know what such men can do. Ye see, they've got full sway."

Emma reflected a few moments upon what the honest woodman had said, and she felt that he spoke truly.

"You may be right," she returned, "and I have made up my mind upon the course I will pursue. I shall want your assistance, Adam."

"Anything, my good lady. Only tell me how I can serve you, an' it shall be done."

"Well," said the maiden, speaking like one whose plans are thoroughly considered and determined upon, "I must go to York. The archbishop was one of my father's warmest friends, and I know he will assist me. He knows me well, and has often wished me to visit him. And he is, moreover, a relative and a bosom friend of the Lord High Chancellor. If I can see the archbishop, he will help me; and if the chancellor can be moved in my favor, my troubles are at an end. The distance to York is only five-and-thirty miles. We can go in one night, and you could return in season to avoid all suspicion."

"Never mind the suspicion that may rest upon me," returned Adam. He reflected a few seconds, and then he added:

"It be a good plan, my lady, and I will go with you. Will you go soon?"

"To-morrow night."

"You'll take Mary?"

"I couldn't go without her."

"Nor could I stay here without my dear mistress," echoed Mary.

"Then here it is:" said the woodman. "I will have three horses near the lodge to-morrow night, and if ye have any bundle to spare now, I can take it along."

Emma and Mary conferred together, and soon made up a bundle for Adam to take with him, and ere he left it was all arranged for the future.

On the following morning Walter Dean went away quite early, and did not return during the day, so Emma was left to her own course. As soon as it was dusk she and Mary left the hall by a narrow path that led direct to the woodman's lodge, which they reached in safety. Adam had the horses ready, as he had promised, and the party were soon in the saddle.

"Now," cried Emma, as she grasped the rein, "if we reach York in safety I feel assured of all success. First the archbishop, and then the chancellor; and when they know the whole truth, Walter Dean must lose his place at Ravendale."

And so the maiden rode away through the thick wood full of hope. Not such hope as would have buoyed her up a few months before, but a hope which, in her present hour of danger, gave her respite from the sorrows that had fallen upon her.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

"MODEL WIVES."

BY AUGUSTA HERBERT.

Its enough to make *us married women* sick to see the nonsense that men put into the papers. On one particular head—requirements for wives—there is enough absurdity uttered in one month to do for the whole twelve months of the year.

Now, if men were angels, or demi-gods, there *might* be some reason in their requiring angels and goddesses for mates; but when it is remembered what a poor, imperfect, unreliable, unreasonable, unmeritorious set they are, their "face" in setting up such claims would be perfectly amazing and unaccountable, were it not for the well-known enormous self-esteem of the species.

Suppose, just for the moment, that any woman could be found sufficiently refined, beautiful, good, attractive, and rich, to answer all the preposterous demands that are made, where would she find a mate meet for her? Does any one suppose that such a paragon of perfection would stoop to wed with a mere mortal man, who would most certainly shock her to death by mortal vulgarities and faults?

As women are they have plenty to do to "swallow" all that is mingled in their cup of life when their fate has actually *given them over* into the power of men. It is barbarity to wish them to be any more refined and delicate; it is prodigality to desire them to be any more beautiful or desirable than they *are*, considering that they *are made for men.*

Women are faulty creatures—*that* is not denied. They have abundant reason to be ashamed of themselves—*that* is freely owned. They are foolish, weak, and, in too many respects, wicked—that they are always falling in love with men is proof enough of *that.* But—we return to our proposition, and—we do emphatically, distinctly, and unqualifiedly declare, that they are *good enough for men.*

We wish—oh! earnestly, sincerely, yearningly—that it were not so; we wish they were *not* "good enough." Not that they were more imperfect than they are, but that men were all so just, so noble, so true—so large-hearted, so affectionate, so altogether admirable, that they deserved perfection in their wives. *Then* there'd be some sense and encouragement in trying to improve. But what inducement has a woman *now* to endeavor to come up to the mark of "the high calling" of wife?

As soon as she *is* a wife, or, at most, as soon as her husband has recovered from the first overpowering sensation and conviction of matrimony, and arrived at the sensible conclusion that he is not, after all, the *first* and *only* case of the kind that ever occurred—that other men besides himself really *have* been married—he begins to criticise his wife's daily life and conversation. Familiarity has robbed her manners of the charm that once they had for him; and he begins to admire the charms of other women, not because they are really better but because they are newer to him.

It matters not *at all* how beautiful may be the face that every morning he sees beside him on the pillow—he soon forgets to speak, or even to think, of its familiar beauty, and saves all his starts and exclamations of admiration for that of other men's wives, or daughters.

His wife's taste may be of the very finest order, yet, in nine cases out of ten, he will praise the dress and appearance of other women more than he will hers.

If her style of dress be showy he will call her extravagant, if it be plain he will call her dowdy. If her disposition be of a lively and playful turn, he will check her for her "wild and childish ways;" and if she be given to reticence he will call her dull or sullen.

What is queenly dignity in another woman will be stiffness and haughtiness in his own wife. What is grace and sweetness in another will be affectation and shallowness in her. When he has exclaimed in rapture over the elegance of some woman's attire, and his wife attempts to give him a similar pleasure by arraying herself in a similar style, he will rail at her for wearing her clothes so *tight* as to stop circulation, (she may not be laced one third as much as her model,) so *long* as to sweep the streets, and so *full* that she looks like a balloon blown up. He will declare that she has on too many petticoats, that her shoes are too small, that her dress is too high or too low in the neck, that he never could bear to see short sleeves, that her hair looks like a play actress's, and that he is "really almost ashamed to be seen with such a figure on his arm."

Now, we would ask, in all humility, *what* encouragement there can *possibly be* for women to *try* to improve themselves for the sake of those beings who are *sure*, the moment that they feel secure in their possession, to see in other women ten charms to where they see one in their own wives?

Let the men learn to be model husbands, and there is not a shadow of doubt but what there will soon be enough and to spare, unfortunately, of the material out of which to make "model wives." Begin *at the beginning*, sirs.

ONE of our exchanges says—"It is a popular idea that courtship was the consequence of original sin." We don't know how that may be, but it is plain enough that a good deal of original sin is the consequence of courtship.

MARGARET TO ALLAN.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

When the apple-blooms are blowing
Down the gusty hills of May—
Or in June the field-pinks glitter
Redly in the scented hay—
Mowing in the pleasant meadows,
Will you turn away your head,
Or across the hedge of alders
Look toward my lonesome bed?

Do not fear to look, oh, Allan!
T'ward my clover-crimsoned tomb,
You will see no white hands lifted
Out and upward from the gloom—
Only in the silver beeches
Planted at my head and feet,
You will hear the birds a-singing
All the summers long and sweet.

And my heart will rest, oh, Allan!
'Neath its shining autumn-roof,
And a blessed peace shall fold it
That will keep the world aloof,
While the birds are seaward going—
And the shocks of yellow corn
Stand along the misty uplands,
And in vallies dim and lorn.

All night now the budding maple
Rustles on my lattice-pane;
And I hear, betwixt the footsteps
Of the wandering April rain,
A soft strain, that 'minds me, Allan,
Of the drear October night,
When the autumn's mournful minstrels
Sang about the cedarn hight—

When you with soft praise unknowing
Plucked my life up by the root,
And to reach a fairer blossom
Trod my wild love under foot!
When you told me—while your strong hand
Trifled idly with my curls—
That you loved sweet Nellie Carey,
Fairest of our village girls!

I forgive you, oh, my cousin!
I forgive you, being blest,
That you wed young Nellie Carey,
Leaving me to take my rest.
When the bridal's white wall-roses
On her shining hair you see,
And the bells are softly ringing,
Give no vain regrets to me.

MIRIAM EGERTON.

BY FINETTA GRAHAME.

CHAPTER I.

"Do you *love* him, Miriam?"

For a moment Miriam Egerton's lip quivered, and her cheek paled; but, quickly suppressing these signs of emotion, she haughtily replied—

"You have no right to question me thus, Malcolm Stewart, and I decline answering."

"Be it so. 'Tis true, I have *now* no right," returned the young man, bitterly; then, suddenly changing his tone to one of reproachful sadness, he said:

"Miriam, hear me! I have loved you as you can never be loved by another—passionately, wildly, idolatrously; with all the strength and fervor of my being; and had you given yourself to me, my life-study would have been to have made you happy. I love you now—shall *always* love you, and if ever in this changing world you should need a friend, call upon me, and, if necessary, I will lay down my life for you. And now, Miriam, a long, a last farewell!"

One moment he held her in his passionate embrace—pressed one kiss upon her brow, then releasing her, hurriedly left the room, and Miriam was *alone*. With a smile of mingled self-scorn and despair she seated herself at her escritoire and penned a note to one she loathed, consenting to become his bride. Calmly she signed and sealed the death-warrant of her happiness, and summoning a servant bade him to take it to Mr. Cameron and await a reply. Ere the door closed upon him, Miriam had fainted. Her forced calmness and unnatural strength had at last given way, and she found a temporary relief from her sufferings in insensibility.

Miriam Egerton was the niece and reputed heiress of her bachelor uncle, Howard Egerton, with whom she had lived from her tenth year, having at that time lost her father, her then only surviving parent, her mother having died when Miriam was an infant. Her father had been considered a rich man, but when his debts were paid they consumed his entire fortune, and the orphan was left penniless; but to her uncle this was of little consequence, for he possessed great wealth, and intended that she should be his heiress. He spared no expense, and left nothing undone, in order to fit Miriam for the position she was to occupy in society, as his niece. His love for her was unbounded; she was all in all to him, and his great aim was to render her happy. He indulged her in every whim, thwarted her in no caprice, and she grew up as proud, imperious, and exacting as a queen. At seventeen he sent her to a fashionable boarding-school "to finish," from which she returned four months prior to the opening of our story, and was installed mistress of her uncle's splendid mansion, and made her first appearance on the horizon of fashionable life, of which she soon became "the bright, particular star."

Superbly beautiful, accomplished, and wealthy—courted, admired, and flattered—Miriam Egerton's "first season" was a series of brilliant triumphs, and a source of pride and self-gratification to the haughty beauty.

Among her numerous admirers was Malcolm Stewart, a young man of good family, of superior talents and education, and singularly handsome, but in reduced circumstances. He was a special favorite of her uncle Howard, for his father had been Mr. Egerton's friend from early boyhood, and at his death Mr. Egerton had transferred his friendship and affection from the father to the son, and Malcolm, since the age of eighteen, had had free ingress to Mr. Egerton's house, and was treated by him and Miriam as a son and brother. The year that Miriam spent at boarding-school she had written regularly to Malcolm, and her letters were always so full of expressions of the warmest affection for him, that his heart thrilled with exquisite pleasure to feel himself so beloved, and he looked forward anxiously to that "charmed hour of hope" when they should meet, and he would tell her that she was dearer far than a sister to him, and whisper his deep, adoring love, and hear the sweet assurance from her lips that he was loved in return.

Miriam came home, and her greeting to Malcolm was so cordial and affectionate that his highest expectations were realized, and he was happy. He was her constant companion to the opera and all places of amusement. He was unremitting in his devotion; yet neither by word nor look did he tell his love, till alarmed by the universal homage she received, and fearing that his prize, so eagerly sought after, might be snatched from him, he one night, three weeks after her return, whispered to Miriam the "ower true tale," and with rapture heard her exclaim—

"I have loved you long and truly."

Mr. Egerton had seen the state of affairs, and was inwardly rejoiced, though outwardly he was seemingly unconscious that any feeling save that of friendship existed between Miriam and Malcolm.

Thus matters stood, when Duncan Cameron—a gay, dissipated young man, of large fortune—returned from a miscellaneous tour throughout Europe and the East.

Match-making mammas and scheming young ladies joyfully hailed him as a most valuable addition to society, and ere long the rich, distingué Cameron became "the lion."

* * * * * *

The Academy of Music is crowded to overflowing. A group of young men are lounging in the lobbies, surveying and criticizing the brilliantly dressed women in the tiers and boxes.

"By the cestus of Venus, there's a superb creature! Who is she, Linton?" demanded Duncan Cameron of one of the young men, intently surveying Miriam Egerton through his lorgnette.

"That is the beautiful, accomplished, and wealthy Miss Egerton, as the newspaper reporters say—the belle of the season par excellence, whom not to know is to be ignorant indeed," laughingly replied the young man.

"Come, Linton, I must have an introduction," emphatically said young Cameron; and locking his arm within that of his companion, they together entered Mr. Egerton's box, where Miriam seemed holding a levee, surrounded by a select coterie of devoted admirers.

Linton, begging her permission, introduced—

"Mr. Cameron."

With a grace that a duchess might have envied, Miriam acknowledged Cameron's exaggerated bow, and her face flushed with pride and pleasure as she caught his glance of unmistakeable admiration.

They entered into an animated conversation, and Miriam's scintillating wit and brilliant conversational powers, added to her wondrous beauty, completely charmed and fascinated the heart and imagination of Cameron. He who had seen and flirted with the most beautiful women in Europe, and had passed unscathed through the ordeal, and boasted of his impenetrability to female arts and charms, declaring that no woman had power to touch his heart, now voluntarily surrendered himself a willing captive to Miriam Egerton; and *she knew it*, for to woman quickly comes such knowledge.

"Miss Egerton," asked Cameron earnestly, "do you believe in 'love at first sight?'"

With a scarcely perceptible smile Miriam answered,

"I do most assuredly. I maintain with Lope de Vega, that

'Love to be completely true,
It death *at sight* should deal.'"

"Allow me to finish the stanza," he said quickly,

"Should be the *first* one ever knew,
In short, be that *I feel*."

There was so much meaning in the tone in which this was said, and in the look which accompanied it, that Malcolm Stewart, who was near Miriam, and had been watching her and Cameron, felt a sharp pang of dawning jealousy.

The curtain now rose, and the attention of all was directed to the stage.

From that night Duncan Cameron became Miriam Egerton's most devoted and earnest suitor, and pleased and flattered by the attentions of one so distinguished and lionized as Cameron, she rather encouraged his addresses, and allowed him to think that he was not indifferent to her, though in her heart she was true to Malcolm, who, contrasted with Cameron, was as refined gold to base copper.

CHAPTER II.

"Miriam!"

There was so much sadness in the tone in which her name was uttered, that Miriam, surprised, gazed inquiringly at her uncle, who had, as she supposed, come into her boudoir to give her his customary morning kiss before going to his office.

But as her eyes rested upon his face its expression startled her, and she exclaimed anxiously—

"*Dear uncle*—what is it?"

A convulsive sob was his only answer, and covering his face with his hands, he threw himself into a chair.

Now, thoroughly alarmed, Miriam sprang towards him, and affectionately smoothing the hair from his forehead and kissing him, she entreated that he would tell her what was the matter.

"My poor, poor child! What will you do?" he groaned.

"When—how—uncle? I entreat you to explain this to me?"

Sadly he gazed upon her, and again his frame shook with emotion, as he bitterly exclaimed—

"Miriam—I am a ruined man!"

Wildly she looked at him, not comprehending his meaning.

"Yes, ruined, penniless!" he added, in answer to her wondering, questioning glance.

Breathing a sigh of evident relief, Miriam calmly asked—

"How ruined, uncle? Why penniless?"

Surprised at her calmness, when he had expected the announcement to greatly shock and overcome her, he regarded her anxiously a few moments, and then said sadly—

"Poor child, you do not, cannot realize it!"

Not heeding his remark, Miriam asked gently—

"Tell me, uncle, how and why you are ruined?"

"Yes, yes," he replied with a groan, "you must know all." And leaving him to tell his story to his niece—I beg that the reader will take with me a retrospective view of the past, and go back to the time when Mr. Egerton was a young and struggling lawyer.

Howard Egerton sat in his office, with an unfinished brief before him—thinking—thinking of the past—of the time when he commenced life as a lawyer, six years before—and of his bright hopes and expectations for the future; and he sighed as he reflected that they had not been realized, and in all probability never would be.

A knock at his door (loud and imperative) interrupted his revery.

"Come in," he said half impatiently, for he feared it was some poor client—he had had but few *rich* ones—and he was in no mood to be annoyed.

The door opened, and a fashionably dressed young man entered the room.

"Mr. Egerton?" he asked, approaching the lawyer.

"Mr. Egerton, at your service, sir," was the reply.

Taking a seat, and assuming a mysterious tone, the young man said—

"My business, sir, is of the most vital importance, requiring the utmost secresy; and I wish to know in the first place if I can trust you?"

"My professional education and experience have been such, as to fully justify me in asserting that you can, without fear, place implicit confidence in me."

"Are you a strictly honorable man, and one who would scorn to commit a wrong act?" he demanded abruptly.

"I hope so, sir. I try to be," replied Mr. Egerton.

"Then," said his visitor with an oath, "I can have nothing further to do with you," and was leaving the office, when Mr. Egerton, surprised at his inexplicable words and strange conduct, and anxious to know more of him and discover his motive in calling on him, said hastily—

"Stay, sir!"

The young man arrested his steps and waited for the lawer to speak, who continued—

"Your question took me completely by surprise. Sit down a moment and hear me, and perhaps we may be able to come to an understanding. I have as many characters as clients—that is—when I have a client, I assume for the time being, a character similar to his own. If he be honorable, I am honorable; if he be dishonorable, so am I. From your odd question, I presumed very naturally, that you were of the former class, and immediately my honorable character was at your service. Now, sir, since I find I was mistaken, and that you belong to the latter class, my dishonorable character is equally at your service."

For a few moments his visitor regarded him attentively, with a curious, puzzled expression, as if doubtful of the truth of what he had just heard. At length as if satisfied of the lawyer's sincerity, he extended his hand, and said—

"I believe and will trust you. And now to my business with you. First I must give you a brief sketch of my life. My name is Edward Vincent. At an early age I was left an orphan, and was confided to the care of my father's only sister, Mrs. Vivian, a widow, who had but one child, a son, a year or two younger than I. My aunt always treated me with the utmost kindness, never making the slightest distinction in her treatment of me and her own son Henry. I was solely dependent upon her, for my father died insolvent, and she frequently intimated her intention of making me joint heir with Henry, to her large fortune.

When I was sixteen, and Henry fourteen, my aunt wished us to go to Gottingen University, (she held the German Universities in high esteem), but Henry was totally averse to going, and she did not urge him; and I, gladly embracing the opportunity, went alone.

When I had been at Gottingen five years, and was within a year of finishing my studies, I one day received a letter from Henry, containing the sad news of my aunt's sudden death. In a postscript, he added:

"You shall receive as heretofore the customary remittances. I will write soon in reference to the property."

Unsuspicious of wrong or treachery, I quietly pursued my studies, regularly receiving the usual sum necessary to defray my expenses, till three months ago when it failed to come. I had finished my course, and was ready to return home and take possession of my property, but the non-arrival of the expected funds prevented my departure. Supposing that there was some unavoidable, unlooked for detention, I waited in Gottingen some time, hoping to receive the money, and also wrote to my cousin. Week after week passed and no letter, no money came. Finally the suspicion flashed upon me, that there was something wrong, and borrowing the money from a friend, I came immediately to this city. I arrived here six weeks ago, and proceeded directly to my aunt's residence, where my cousin still kept up her splendid establishment. Asking for Henry, I was shown into the library. Six years had greatly changed me, and he did not recognize me. Seeing this I determined to take advantage of it. Rising, my cousin politely requested me to be seated, and asked my business.

I represented myself to him as a friend of his cousin, Edward Vincent, who was then in Gottingen, waiting for money to enable him to return home.

I watched him narrowly. At the mention of my name he started slightly, and seemed ill at ease; but recovering himself, he said interrogatively:

"My cousin requested you to call upon me, sir?"

"He did," I replied, briefly.

"Then you will be so good as to let him know that he has nothing further to expect from me. Out of charity and pity my mother took charge of and educated him, and he must be content with what he has received, for he will get nothing more from me. I should think," he added, contemptuously, "that he would scorn to be an object of charity and a dependent upon his relations."

I could stand it no longer. I sprang from my chair, and with a voice hoarse with rage, I exclaimed:

"Scoundrel! villain! how dare you insult me thus? Your life shall atone for your foul words! Your——"

Rage choked my utterance. I could say no more.

My cousin, in his surprise, had risen from his seat, and now stood confronting me.

With a peculiar smile, and the most consummate coolness, he asked quietly:

"Did my cousin request you to act thus, sir?"

His words and manner confounded me. I saw that I had been too precipitate, and cursing my folly I left the room, not however before I heard Henry give a low, meaning laugh, which exasperated me beyond control, and I swore a deep oath of vengeance.

The next morning I sent him a challenge, which he refused to accept, on the ground that I was an impostor! What could I do? My own words and representations condemned me. An utter stranger here, I could not prove my identity. I was confident that Henry knew me perfectly well, but for his own purposes 'twas best for him to profess profound ignorance that I was really his cousin. And as to recovering any of my aunt's property, though I felt it to be justly mine, the idea was preposterous; my claim could not be recognized in law; besides, if I went to law about it, I had no money to defray the expenses of a lawsuit; and thus I found myself, at every point, completely foiled. What should I do? Aye, that was the question. Something had to be done and done quickly. I needed money, and how was it to be obtained? I possess a wonderful talent for imitating chirography. I was famed for it in the University. In taxing my brain for an expedient to obtain money, it occurred to me to use this talent to some purpose. My cousin's signature I could copy accurately. I had often imitated it; and without more ado, I determined to do so again. I have forged notes in his name, to a large amount, and consequently have plenty of money. But this cannot last always; and as I cannot obtain my portion of my aunt's property by "fair means," I must by "foul," for have it I will; aye—" he added, in a deep, determined voice; and drawing his chair nearer Mr. Egerton, he continued:

"And now, sir, you must aid me. I have taken a fancy to change places with my cousin."

"How, sir?" interrupted the lawyer, who had been listening with the deepest attention to the above narration.

"Be patient, and you shall hear. There are but two persons living who could swear, if called upon to do so in court, that I, Edward Vincent, am not Henry Vivian. The services of these I have secured by enormous bribes, to swear, when I shall need them, that I *am* Henry Vivian; that is, that in our infancy, for certain reasons, which the false witnesses are to bring forward, Edward Vincent was substituted for Henry Vivian; and they are to swear and prove that *I* am the true Henry."

"This is most extraordinary, sir," said Mr. Egerton, "and I advise you to pause and weigh well the risks attending your strange plan."

"I have weighed them well, sir, and am willing to encounter them. My plan of action is well laid. I can see my way clear. I am determined to obtain the whole of my aunt's fortune, in the name and guise of the rightful heir."

"What is the amount of the property?"

"Two hundred thousand dollars, or more. If, as my counsel, you succeed in obtaining it for me, you shall have as your fee one-fourth."

"I demand half of it as my share," quickly and decidedly said Mr. Egerton.

"Your demand is too much, it is exorbitant," returned the other.

"Then I cannot serve you."

After a moment's reflection, the young man said:

"Well, if success attend your efforts, half the fortune is yours."

He then proceeded to lay before the lawyer his plan to obtain the property, and ruin his cousin. 'Twas a subtle, cunningly devised scheme, a tissue of ingenious falsehoods wearing the semblance of truth.

CHAPTER III.

Ere many months, Edward Vincent's plan was ripe for execution. Secretly and cunningly he had plotted his cousin's ruin, aided and abetted by Mr. Egerton, who had yielded to temptation and fallen. So potent is gold in overcoming scruples and principles when not firmly fixed.

Utterly unmindful of the storm so soon to burst upon him, Henry Vivian kept on the even tenor of his way.

Suddenly he was called upon by his cousin to give up his fortune. He resisted the claim. The case went into court, and Edward Vincent came off victorious, and he and the young lawyer, the partner of his guilt, exulted in the possession of their ill-gotten gains.

Thus much Mr. Egerton briefly told his niece, from time to time interrupted by his groans and bitter self-accusations.

After he had finished, Miriam, with difficulty concealing the mingled emotions of surprise and grief which inwardly agitated her, asked:

"What has this to do with your present ruin, uncle?"

"It has caused my ruin, Miriam. Vincent died in this city two weeks since, and on his death-bed sent for his cousin, to whom he confessed the great wrong he had done him, and in restitution gave back to him his fortune. Vivian, who is a very bad man, this morning called upon me, for Vincent told all, even *my* name, and demanded my portion of his property, threatening me with instant exposure if I do not relinquish it quietly. At last my sin has found me out;" he cried with a blush of shame.

"Give it to him, uncle, every cent of it," said Miriam, quickly and decidedly. "'Twill atone in part for your sin and the wrong you did him in your youth. Give it to him at once."

"And leave you penniless?"

At first Miriam made no answer. She thought of Malcolm Stewart and her promise to be his bride. She was rich when she gave it and now she was poor, and he was not able to support her. She thought of Duncan Cameron. She knew that a smile, a word would bring him to her feet, and that she might marry him and retain her present position in society, and that she could offer her uncle a home, and he would never feel his loss. With the rapidity of *lightning* these thoughts passed through her brain, and her resolution was made. She spoke:

"Uncle, neither you nor I will be penniless. Ere many weeks I shall be the wife of Duncan Cameron, and so long as I have a home, it shall be yours."

Her uncle regarded her with unfeigned surprise.

"*Duncan Cameron!* I thought you were engaged to Malcolm Stewart, Miriam?"

"So I was, uncle;" and her voice faltered, but so slightly that her uncle did not observe it.

"Then what do you mean!"

"I mean what I say, that ere long I shall be the wife of Duncan Cameron," and with a forced attempt at playfulness, she added, "you know, uncle, young ladies have the privilege of coquetting, and accepting or refusing whom they choose!"

"Ah, is it so? Well, I am glad to hear it, Miriam, for now—" he hesitated, and then went on more firmly—"I shall give up my fortune almost willingly. My greatest anxiety was for you; for your sake I trembled. Poor Malcolm," he said, "often I have observed of late that he has seemed less cheerful and light-hearted than usual. Now it is accounted for. He loves you, Miriam, devotedly. Poor fellow!"

Unheeding his remark, which she had heard but too well, Miriam, with an effort, said gayly:

"Now cheer up, uncle! Forget the past, for which I know you have long since atoned by penitence. You will soon be rid of the incubus of your ill-gotten wealth, and you will be a happy man once more."

As she ceased a servant entered with a card.

Glancing at it, she exclaimed:

"Duncan has come, uncle. I must not keep him waiting."

And rising hastily she descended to the drawing-room. Cameron advanced quickly towards her as she entered, but as he caught sight of her pale face, he started and asked anxiously:

"My dear Miss Egerton, are you ill?"

Hurriedly she replied:

"Only a slight headache, and a fit of the blues; which, now you are come, will soon vanish."

With an eager, inquiring glance, he asked:

"Have *I* the power to charm them away?"

"If you make yourself particularly agreeable and entertaining," she replied, assuming a gayety she did not, *could* not feel.

Ere that visit ended Cameron offered Miriam his heart, hand and fortune, and she encouraged him to hope for a favorable answer.

After he left her she despatched a messenger for Malcolm Stewart. He came buoyant with hope to answer the summons of her he loved, little guessing what was to befal him.

When he entered the room, Miriam, to conceal the emotion she could ill control, busied herself with her harp. Malcolm, quickly approaching, threw his around her, and bent to give her the customary kiss. What was his surprise when she drew back haughtily from him.

"How have I offended, Miriam?"

"I sent for you, Malcolm Stewart, to tell you that I have been mistaken in the nature of my feelings towards you; and I wish you to release me from my engagement; to me it has become irksome."

The young man staggered as if from a heavy blow.

"You do not, cannot mean it, Miriam," he said, hoarsely.

"I do mean it. I am the promised wife of Duncan Cameron."

As she pronounced his name she shuddered involuntarily.

Malcolm saw it, and it drew from him the remark with which this story opens:

"Do you *love* him, Miriam?"

CHAPTER IV.

The reader will remember that, after her interview with Malcolm Stewart, which had released her from her engagement to him, Miriam wrote to Cameron, consenting to become his wife, and that, this done, her overtasked strength gave way, and she became insensible.

When she returned to consciousness, her uncle was bending anxiously over her; and as she opened her eyes, and saw him, she smiled faintly, and said in answer to his look of alarmed inquiry—

"'Twas nothing much. I am well now."

"The scene of this morning has been too much for you," he answered.

He little imagined the scene which had in truth been too much for her.

Within two months from this time Miriam became the wife of Duncan Cameron. The wedding was the most brilliant of the season; and its magnificence, the beauty of the bride, and the wealth of the groom, were long the subjects of conversation in the *beau monde*.

The day after the wedding the bridal pair, accompanied by Mr. Egerton, (who the same day resigned his property to the rightful owner,) left for Europe.

Before her marriage, Miriam told Cameron that her uncle had unexpectedly lost his fortune, (in what way she did not mention,) and that he would wed a portionless bride; but she well knew that it would cause no change in his feelings towards her.

What cared *he* for wealth? He was pleased that an opportunity had offered that he might prove his true, disinterested love for her.

In a luxurious private salon of a fashionable hotel in Paris are seated Mr. and Mrs. Cameron and Mr. Egerton, awaiting breakfast.

Cameron is busying himself looking over papers and letters he has just received from New York; his wife is reading a letter, and Mr. Egerton is impatiently walking the room, grumbling about his breakfast.

"What's the news, Cameron?" he asks, suddenly stopping in his walk.

"Here is an account of the loss of the steamer Arctic, and a list of the missing. I never read such distressing things," he said, handing the paper to Mr. Egerton, who, glancing over it, suddenly exclaimed—

"My God, Miriam, Malcolm Stewart was among the lost!"

With a shriek which pierced the hearts of her husband and uncle, Miriam fell insensible at Cameron's feet, who, lifting her tenderly, endeavored to restore her to consciousness, while Mr. Egerton blamed himself bitterly for his indiscretion in so suddenly announcing Stewart's death.

"Then she did love him, after all," he said.

For weeks Miriam raved in the wild delirium of brain fever, calling constantly upon Malcolm—begging his forgiveness, and telling him that she had never ceased to love him, and that she had been compelled to sacrifice her happiness and his for "gold—*gold*—GOLD!" she would shriek.

Her husband never left her. Night and day he hovered over her, with gentle tenderness, though her words caused him the bitterest pangs of sorrow.

When she recovered, his treatment of her was kind, but nothing more, and the expression of misery and deep suffering upon his haggard face told Miriam that he knew all.

Miriam sought forgetfulness of the past and her sorrow in society. With her peerless beauty she could not fail to excite attention and admiration. Everywhere she was the cynosure of all eyes, and universal homage was hers. Ere long her husband became entirely estranged from her, and, leaving her in Paris, he returned broken-hearted to New York.

Left to herself, Miriam recklessly plunged into the great maelstrom of fashionable life, and was whirled in its giddy mazes down, down into endless ruin.

So ends my story, which is but an epitome of the great volume of life, that is daily presented for our perusal. Oh, women! you who would sell your happiness, your souls for gold, pause ere you take the fatal step—weigh well the consequences, for fearful will they be, both in this world and that which is to come.

THE SHORTEST AND THE BEST PRAYER.

When Count Egmont was about to suffer death by the cruel treatment of Philip II., executed by the ruthless Duke of Alva, he said to the Bishop of Ypres, who attended him in his last moments, "What prayer can a dying man offer with the surest hope of acceptance?" "No prayer, my lord," replied the good bishop, "like that which our Redeemer himself has taught us." Whereupon the doomed young man kneeled, and repeated with great fervor the Lord's Prayer.

John Quincy Adams used to speak of the multitudes who were in the daily habit of repeating that simple and beautiful prayer of childhood,

"Now I lay me down to sleep," &c.,

saying that he had repeated it himself every night for some fourscore years. Doubtless the number is very great. But what comparison will it bear with those who, in more than two hundred languages, as the sun visits and retires from each region of the earth from China to California, send their thoughts and hearts upward in the petitions of the Lord's Prayer? To this sum must be added too, all who have been doing so, since it was first uttered, more than eighteen centuries ago, on the plains of Palestine.

John Randolph, said not long before his death: "I have never been able to forget the time when my mother made me kneel on her lap and say, 'Our Father!'"

The Lord's Prayer contains six (or, as some divide it, seven) clauses. The deliberate repetition of it occupies less than a minute. Yet those brief and pregnant utterances constitute at once a sublime creed, and a perfect act of worship. There is nothing we need for our present or future life, no individual want or aspiration of philanthropy, which is not found there. It is well said by Chateaubriand, in his Genie du Christianisme, that *none but God, who knew all the possible wants of man, could have composed that prayer.*

On that awful night when the sea was strewed with the wrecks of the Central America, one of the survivors states that while he was floating on a fragment of the ship, and supposed himself far from all living neighborhood, the tones of a human voice suddenly came to his ear along the still and solemn deep. He listened with wonder and awe. *It was the Lord's Prayer, uttered by some poor struggler like himself in the wide waste of waters!*

Eternal thanks to that best Friend and Benefactor of man who gave us such a solace for our woes, such a help in our distress, such a comfort on earth, and such a guide to Heaven as the Lord's Prayer!

J. P.

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THE DEAD.

"Speak not ill of the dead" is a saying on which might be written a sermon, but we will content ourselves with a paragraph: If the *dictum* means only that we must not utter malevolent expressions over the dweller in the tomb—that no nightshade of ill-will should be entwined with the flowers of the grave, we agree with the benevolent soul that first uttered the humane sentence: but if it means that while canvassing the conversation, deportment and acts of the deceased, we are never to censure, no matter how foul his speech, how unamiable his manners, or wicked and selfish his deeds, we must protest, and that loudly, too, our dissent. Why, the very office of History is to tell the truth about the actors who have passed off the stage. Flat, tame and unprofitable would spread her tablets if they were uniformly traced with a stylus of gold—no! the iron graver has also its work to perform. Without it, where would be the warning beacons built up near the shoals and quicksands of the Past from the lives of the wild, selfish and criminal navigators of the Ocean of Time, who once spread their ill-omened sails on the breeze, and, shouting blasphemies, bounded over the billows? We find in Nature the demon as well as the angel; the serpent as well as the dove; the bohan upas as well as the tree of Paradise. And in private life, how is it possible for us to tell the truth, when the lives of departed citizens are themes of conversation, if the evil is not also mentioned with the good which they did? It is idle to say, we need not talk about them at all; for, more or less, the very economy of life compels us to refer to them. The Dead are as much a part of the world as the Living. Many of them, such as Cæsar, Nero, Luther, Leo X, Napoleon and Washington, Arnold and Kosciusko, are, in fact, not dead, but are living in our habits, in our laws, in our mental and in our moral structures. To ignore them would be as ridiculous and impotent as it would be for the geologist to ignore the primary rocks in his cosmogony of the world.

Then, how idle is it for any one, be he either a private or public man, to request his neighbors or countrymen to "speak no ill of him"—in the sense which we give the *dictum?* It is cowardice: it is, at least, a confession of a career that admits of more than one construction. The granting by men of such a request would be the parent of innumerable immoralities, and, with many, an audacious recklessness of private and public opinion, which could only end in vice, crime, and general, social, and political ruin—for "what will neighbors, or what will the world say about me, when looking at my grave?" is a question put every minute to themselves by millions of men and women. Yes, we must so live as to feel not afraid at the Future being a canvass on which stern, though unmalignant Truth, should, and will, paint our lives. She is the delegate of God Himself, who cannot lean idly over her pallet; who cannot confine herself to the most pleasing hues; who must run through the whole gamut of colors.

Then, let even the dying words of him whose coward soul would skulk away unjudged in the deathlike silences of his fellow's memory and speech, be treated with contempt. If we plant flower-seeds, they will bear fragrant wreaths for our cenotaphs; if we sow hemlock, dark and deadly must be the leaves that overshadow the mausoleum. There is no help for it.

LIFE IN POLICE COURTS.

A great city congregates every species of human character. Within its circuit all the virtues and all the vices may be found. Often the widest extremes of good and evil, wealth and poverty, frugality and dissipation, cluster in the same block of habitations. Much of this vast variety of condition and character may be seen in the streets by the most casual looker-on—much more is visible to the investigator. There are particular localities for witnessing large embodiments of each and every social and moral phase. But of all places for the ingathering—voluntary and involuntary—of somewhat of every sort of life and character, one of our police courts is the paramount. Mainly a sad picture, striped all over with evil doing and crime, it is, nevertheless, worth the while of the philosophisers upon human life in cities to look in upon the congregations of these places, where the necessarily prompt and stern judge is the preacher, his text-books being inexorable ordinances and statutes.

We have looked in on these congregations often to contemplate—surely not to enjoy save as a lesson for sad reflection—the variety of wickedness and wretchedness there assembled. Men, women, and children, arraigned for every species of crime; murder, robbery, forgery, theft, vagrancy, drunkenness, and family feud, jostling one against the other; velvets and silks glistening and rustling against rags; feathers and flounces flashing strange lights and shadows upon the bare, cold-pinched feet and faces of destitution; mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters beseeching Justice for leniency toward some dear, erring one, or timidly and tearfully preferring some complaint, forced at last by intolerable suffering and wrong.

The judge may have a heart softer than the ermine on his shoulders; a sympathy warm with every noble and generous feeling; a disposition, *as a man*, to pardon all; yet duty, stern duty toward society, compels him to seal up the genial fountains of nature; to shut out the man, the fellow-brother-man, and armed with all the penalties and terrors of the law, whose faithful administerer he is bound to be, hear all, judge all, and do justice to all, without fear or favor, whatever the position, class and character of the offender or the claimant at his bar. And this he must do with a celerity that may at times seem undue, but which is compelled by the pressure on his tribunal.

We envy not the judge sitting on such a bench, his office or his honors. The first can scarcely pay him for the evil and wretchedness he must look upon, and the crime he must adjudge daily; and the latter, however well won and worn, cost, in pain to the sensitive heart and memory, all they are worth. The more upright the judge, the more severe seems the ordeal of those who pass before him, and faithfully doing his duty, and thus finding the approval of his conscience—in so far as he is answerable to society—he must bear to his home and his pillow a mind penetrated by sad, solemn, and even terrible reminiscences, and a heart chastened and sorrowful from the mental exercise of sympathies which his official duties bade him repress. Go and look in upon his daily tribunal, mark the necessities of his position, and the struggle his humanity must daily undergo, and say if you would be a judge in such a court. And go and look thus, if you would see and know what strange and extreme elements—aye, what woful element's pervade our great city's life.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

To that procrastination which, in a multitude of ordinary matters at least, is so universal, we make the greatest and oftentimes the most fatal sacrifices. We set the chief end of our lives thereon, and the result in nine cases out of ten is summed in the word—LOST. We believe with the poet, that

"Happiness is our being's end and aim,"

for happiness embraces comfort, content, delight, and what other sensational conditions the most selfish and sensuous heart can desire. Few will dissent from this. But how many, notwithstanding this general agreement as to "our being's end and aim," are willing to be, or to set about being, happy now? Alas, but few. The present is with all but a poor possession compared with the future. No matter that the present brings enough for all rational want, the future promises *more*—something else, something new—and it is for just that empty bauble, that fleeting and delusive shadow, that never-compassed fruition, that we spurn and cast aside the real that is always within our grasp.

We refuse to live and enjoy to-day, (our only sure time), but are going to live to enjoy to-morrow. We put off, on business or other plea, that solid pleasure which waits our every footstep, and fondly fancy we are arranging to be happy directly. Next year we are to give up our strain and struggle for wealth, and retire to the sweet shades of pastoral content—all is to be well and joyous with us by-and-by. Alas, for our shortsightedness! Next year and by-and-by never come. We are eternally deferring, until age incapacitates us for enjoyment, and disinclines us to change; and our retreat from busy life is to the solitude of death, and our final suburban home is the grave.

Let any one reflect and see if this be not so—if it be not true that to vague anticipation we sacrifice present opportunity and enjoyment, deferring to the future even in the most serious concerns of life that which should be done now, and which being neglected now will most likely never be done. Thus do we fly the sunshine and pursue the shade. Let us not be such mad fools forever.

"Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
Live and enjoy each moment as it flies."

Let no golden moment fly. If the to-days are all well spent and enjoyed, then will the to-morrow's be. To defer whatever is rational is perilous, for who can tell—of life or of death—what a day or an hour may bring forth?

IDLENESS.

"Idleness will clothe a man in rags," is a proverb as "old as the hills." But this, however shameful as a badge and condition, is not its worst nor its lowest fruit. Idleness is one of the most prolific sources of evil. It is said, and every observer can confirm the truth of the saying, that

"Satan still some mischief finds
For idle hands to do."

Yes, mischief, smaller or greater, degrading and depraving to the doer, and corrupting to others by example. Idlers are the seedlings of blackguards, blasphemers, drunkards, gamesters, thieves, rioters, and finally, criminals of every kind. In cities they swarm like flies, but they are to be found in the sparsest communities. Their whole livelihood is a round of viciousness and dishonesty—of reproach to themselves and disgrace to society. As children, they are haters of the school, and dirty, ragged and saucy, they infest the street, ready for any mischief that may offer. To cast a stone at a passer-by, stir up a dog-fight, puff a filthy cigar, or swagger and swear like grown-up loafers, is their pride and delight. As young men, and older, the theater, the gaming-place, or whatever haunt of dissipation offers, is their circuit and goal. There they swarm and there they graduate, and their abundant history is written on every pauper and every criminal record.

THE NEW GOLD DIGGINGS.

All the easily-taken-in are agog for Frazer River. Good situations, comfortable homes, the refinements of civilized life, are recklessly abandoned for a far-off phantom. There may be gold somewhere about the Frazer River, but thus far the amount actually found is exceedingly small. One thing, however, is certain: the new gold region is far off and difficult of access. It costs much money and labor to reach it, and when one gets there he can obtain neither provisions nor clothing. Besides, the Indians are hostile, and having driven Colonel Steptoe and his regiment from their hunting-grounds, they are unusually bold and tomahawk-y. Taking all the facts and rumors into consideration, we should advise everybody who can make a living at home to wait for further news before they start for Frazer River.

AVOID FLURRIES.

People who do everything in a "flurry" are seldom of much use to themselves, or to those dependent on them, or to the world at large. They are too much like the drone bees, which, though they make a great deal of noise, and seem more busy than the other bees, make no honey! The work which is done in a "flurry is seldom done perfectly. A quaint writer has pithily said that "*we do our business soon enough, when we do it well.*" Let the young avoid flurries.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

NUMBER II.

It is a great blessing when they who are about the sick in any department, are themselves of robust physique, cheerful countenance, and winning speech. The invalid is insensibly magnetized by such a healthful atmosphere, catching the inspiration of the bright eye and springing step. Certain it is that I never look upon such without feeling my chest expand and my breath come freer; what then must be the effect upon the feeble and dispirited? Mark the introduction of a merry traveling party at some dull way-station, into a car full of jaded, hungry, cross travelers. See one after another shake himself up from his ungraceful posture; mark the brow unknit, and the compressed lips relax into smiles. He who, a moment ago, was at swords-points with all the world, is now bursting off his waistband buttons in the attempt to raise or shut a window for a person he never set eyes on before, and may never see again after that day's travel. Thank God, then, I say, for every man or woman with a smiling face and *cheery* voice; and thank Him doubly when such have the desire, as well as the power, to unweave the tangled web which insanity has spun over the delicate brain. For these and other reasons, Dr. Ranney seems to me admirably well calculated to fill the responsible office of physician to the lunatic department on Blackwell's Island; and as I saw his patients walking up and down the long halls, out of which their neatly appointed rooms opened, the window of each commanding a view of sea, sky and woodland, as diverse as beautiful, I could not but thankfully contrast it with the stupid past-time tyranny which placed such unfortunate sufferers on a par with criminals, lashing and goading their unsettled intellects far beyond the faintest hope of recall.

It is curious how each lunatic inevitably hugs to his deluded breast the idea that he is the only sane person in the establishment. (I have known many people *out* of a lunatic asylum give the same convincing proof of their qualifications to be in it!) One gentleman, whose appearance interested me, and with whom I conversed as we walked up and down the lawn, thought the Island a fine place for "these people," as he patronizingly termed his fellow sufferers. Doctor Ranney, finding his patients disinclined to exercise, hit upon the ingenious expedient of organizing a military company, who, with caps and drum, were parading under the trees after their own fashion, with a ludicrously solemn earnestness that would have quite *doubled up* the "seventh regiment." "Do you like us, your friends, to come from the city to see you?" I asked of a quiet-looking woman, who was pacing up and down the hall. "When you don't stay too long, and talk too much," was her sharp reply. I amused myself imagining the diplomatic world we had left, "speaking out in meetin'," after this fashion. I am not at all sure that the wheels of society need be greased with so much fibbing and flattery to keep them from creaking. A young girl, into the half-opened door of whose room I glanced as I passed, started to her indignant feet with such a tragic "How *dare* you?" that I was forced to believe that the proverb, "Every man's house should be his castle," held as true of the lunatic as of any body else. The more violent of Dr. Ranney's patients are in a secure building by themselves, and much as I wished to see them, I could *not urge it*, when I learned that such visits were to their injury; but in my dreams that night their pale hands, as I saw them extended through the gratings when I passed, seemed to beckon me back, and my sleep was broken and unrefreshing.

Not the least interesting portion of the inmates were the paupers, especially the long halls appropriated to the mothers with their new-born babies—bright, lovely little things they were, too, fated, perhaps, who knows? to come back to that very spot with *their* babies, as their mothers had before them. One pretty little creature lay nestled on a bed alone by itself, with its little fat arms tossed gracefully above its rosy face, as if some sculptor had laid it there. And so He had! and I questioned not His goodness, or wisdom, or mercy, though its sleeping hours may be all it ever knows of Heaven this side the grave; though I know not why He should have lain it on that pauper bed, instead of the downy one which plenty delights to deck for its own.

Oh, the soft blue, and bright black eyes in those baby heads! the flitting smile on the waxen features; the little gleeful, dancing hands; the pride of motherhood, so touching then and there to see, and which, beaming forth from the coarsest face, makes it for the time angelic.

The mystery of life! who can solve it? Eternity were none too long to turn its blotted pages. Faith can trust and wait. FANNY FERN.

AN ENCOURAGING INDICATION.

In view of the admitted evils—the growing evils of party-spirit—there is an indication, given by the current events of politics, which is very encouraging. We allude to the growth of independency on the part of candidates for elective offices.

In England, as well as in this country, the number of independent candidates—"stump candidates," as they are generally called, in the language of the political slang of the day—is, unmistakably, on the increase. Men who have been heretofore members of Parliament, or Congress, as the case may be, and occupied their seats at the dictation of some party, whose servants they became instead of servants of the whole people, have shown their courage and their good sense, at the same time, by renouncing party allegiance, and announcing themselves independent canidates for re-election. And who, in full view of the crushing machinery of party-drill, and the constant disposition to destroy all who dare to disregard it, can doubt that it does require a courage neither slight in degree, nor mean in tone, to take such a step?

It is to the selfish interest of journals supported by parties, and whose very *pabulum* of life is partizan "patronage" to encourage party-spirit and party-candidates. But, because this motive *is* selfish, we are warranted in condemning it, and rejoicing over every indication of its disappointment.

THE COLLAPSE OF HOOPS.

The Empress Eugenie, who introduced the fashion of wearing hoops and extended crinoline, is said to have recently come to the conclusion to abandon them to whatever fate they may be reserved. This determination of the Empress's will doubtless be hailed with delight by the most tasteful ladies everywhere, who have long been disgusted with the bungling fashion, and sighed for an opportunity to throw off its burdensome yoke. The exaggerated skirt is doomed.

ROSES AND THORNS.

Inasmuch as we cannot always secure the former, but in fact must encounter in this life many tons of the latter, let us, like wise and genial philosophers, make as few wry faces as possible, and see if we cannot extract some good even from the sharp point whose spoil is the flowing blood.

Pain!—is it all evil? Has it never been the mother of the Beautiful, the Noble, the Beneficent? Who are the men in our midst that exhibit the greatest manliness, wear the most opulent laurels, or walk amid the largest El-Dorados of physical wealth? The ones who were born with golden spoons in their mouths?—the ones who have always had relatives to lean upon?—the ones who from the very start have walked unchallenged over the steeps to Fame? No! No! Astor landed on our shores with but a single dollar in his pocket; Preserved Fish was a baby-waif on our sea-beach, washed afloat by the waves from a wrecked vessel; the author of Henry IV. was surrounded through his whole life by an army of the most malignant detractors; but he stepped, at last, from the stage of life, with his forehead blazing with crowns placed there by his nation, and he could behold the tomb, about to receive him, covered with a kingdom's *immortelles*. Struggle, if it must be attended by some thorns, some pain, strengthens the muscles, gives independence to the soul, ennobles the character. It is the war of elements out of which emerge the serene sky, the glorious sun, the pure, strong, firm-balanced star. In fact, it is only the man of a very great and most sensitive imagination who without past struggle can fully appreciate the possession of a palace or a wreath. What is the contentment of one of our Long Island farmers on his luxurious estate bequeathed by ancestors, compared with the glory-garlanded joy of a Western backwoodsman on *his* domain, won with toil and blood from the savage, the wild animal, and the rough elements? Look at yonder missionary, surrounded by a tribe which he has at last, amid long starvations and wasting illnesses and hostile spears, brought to bow before the benignant cross, and upon the ruins of impure and blood-stained temples to send up their ecstatic gratulations to the God of Peace and Love who sitteth on the circle of the Heavens, and who inhabiteth Eternity. Not to undervalue the happiness and honor of his brother who stands by the paternal altar, which he found already planted in peace, safety and splendor, for his holy ministrations—are not the roses of the exiled Apostle softer and brighter and more fragrant for all the thorns that attended their nurture and harvesting?

Yes! poet of the Epic, nobly dost thou hold those immortal flowers in a hand once pierced and bleeding! Father of thy Country! the stormy passage of the Delaware but added to thy happiness!

Assuming that without a Fall of Man no thorns would have existed, yet it is beautiful and consoling to contemplate how a beneficent Providence has brought good to His creatures even out of their very calamity

Then, young man, just entering on the great battle of life! do not make too many wry faces at the thorns which you must inevitably encounter, without you are willing to maudle away in a poor, unfruitful mediocrity. If your eye is fixed on a lofty place, forget for a while the rose, and take advantage of our experience. Do you think that without struggle and anxiety, the exertion of body and the tension of mind, the LEDGER has obtained a circulation of over three hundred thousand copies? is read by two millions of free men and women? is shedding intellectual and moral strength and gladness over a whole continent? is at the very head of family and literary papers over the whole world? No! "Action, action, action, no matter what pain!" is the motto. Wallace well sings—

"Nought is idle, nought is sleeping,
In the brightest, darkest zone,
From the worm of painful creeping
To the cherub on his throne!
Let me, too, be up and doing,
Something evermore pursuing,
Than shall bring me welfare only;
Something nobler let me be
In the City by the Sea,
Than a miser delving lonely!"

THE FREE ACADEMY.

At the late Commencement of this Institution, we noticed on the list of graduates the names of the sons of some of our most wealthy and eminent citizens, as well as those of the sons of poor and obscure parents. This is a most gratifying fact, which should not escape the attention of the public. It shows that the Free Academy is patronised by no exclusive class, that its benefits are confined to no section of the population, but that its advantages are open to all and shared by all. Within its classic walls wealth is no distinction and poverty is no disgrace. There, merit is the sole criterion. On its benches the son of the millionaire sits side by side with the poor orphan boy, his equal in the competition for scholastic honors and his friend and companion in the playground. The beneficial results of such a system are manifold. The petted scion of a wealthy house learns to esteem and love the sons of the impoverished toilers, and the children of the poor discover that the hearts of their more prosperous mates are human like their own, and by no means so cold and forbidding as the marble homes in which they dwell. Boys are inherently democratic where their natures have free play; with them the ablest scholar and the doughtiest champion in the playground are always the most honored, irrespective of riches and birth. Hence it is that, in an institution like the Free Academy, boyish friendships are formed between the rich and the poor, and the high-born and the low-born, which influence for good the whole lives of all, and lay broad and deep in their hearts those principles of democratic, republican equality, which are among the chief glories of our country and the surest sources of its prosperity.

THE ELECTRIC CABLE.

"Three times and out," runneth the proverb, but however applicable in ordinary cases, we trust it will prove far from true of the Electric Ocean Cable, the attempt to lay which has for the third time failed. Of all brave and promising human enterprises, since the world began, this is one of the most Titanic and noble. The whole civilized world has a deep and abiding interest in it, and no years of time or millions of money will be wasted in effecting its consummation. It is a work worthy of the persevering thought and effort of all enlightened nations. Enough has been done, in lesser experiments, to prove its possibility, and nothing seems to us wanting but means, skill, experiment, patience and time, to realize the grand idea.

Perchance a smaller cable will serve better, and it may be that it can most safely be laid by one vessel, running from shore to shore. The crowning work was begun without due preparation—let not this be a future fault. Our apprehension was that the hour for success had not come, yet against apprehension we hoped. There is abundant reason for encouragement; therefore let the work go on. Of the enterprise being consummated, sooner or later, we have not a doubt.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

TRUTH lies within the holy of holies in the temple of knowledge, but doubt is the vestibule that leads to it. Copernicus doubted the truth of the false systems of others before he established a true one of his own. Columbus differed in opinion with all the old world before he discovered a new one. Galileo's terrestrial body was confined in a dungeon for his having asserted the motion of those bodies that are celestial.

A LAW too severe in its provisions may be compared to a mastiff that is so ferocious that he is never suffered to be let loose, and is no terror to the depredator, because it is known that he is constantly chained. Such a law is a temptation to plunder on the part of the criminal, and to perjury on the part of the prosecutor and jury.

RELIGION has treated knowledge sometimes in the world's history as an enemy, sometimes as a hostage, often as a captive, and oftener as a child; but knowledge has become of age, and religion must either renounce her acquaintance, or introduce her as a companion and respect her as a friend.

A DIAMOND, shut up in its subterraneous prison, rough and unpolished, differs not to the eye from a common stone, and a Newton or a Shakspeare, deprived of the presence of kindred minds and born among savages, savages had died.

NOTHING more completely baffles one who is full of trick and duplicity than straightforward and simple integrity in another. A knave would rather quarrel with a brother knave than with a fool, but he would rather avoid a quarrel with one honest, sensible man, than with both.

MEN high in rank are sometimes low in acquirement, not so much from lack of ability as from want of application; for it is the nature of man not to expend labor on what he can have without it—not to sink a well if he happens to be born on the banks of a river

THE same effects often proceed from opposite causes. We are as liable to be bewildered from having too many objects before us, as from having none—equally liable whether we explore the naked desert of sand or the exuberant wilderness of forest and thicket.

IT is stated as a fact, that, while an Albany widow was praying with great fervency, "O thou knowest the desire of my heart," a brother responded in broad accents, *A-m-e-n.*

WISDOM is better than physical power. Better have, like Argus, a hundred eyes to see with and only one pair of hands to work with, than, like Briareus, a hundred hands to work with and only two eyes to see with

"THE discordant spirit which recently prevailed in *your* party," said one politician to another, "seems to be passing into *ours*." "Oh, yes, when the devils were cast out of the man, they entered into the herd of swine."

"I THINK you must allow, madam," said a pompous gentleman, "that my jests are very fair." "Sir, your jests are like yourself—not even their age can make them respectable."

MR. AND MRS. BREWER, of Wayne County, Kentucky, have twenty-two children. Theirs is perhaps the most extensive Brewery in the West.

MEN, however poor, should not be slaves. Few men can afford to have their own carriages, every man can afford to have his own opinion.

"I MEAN to abandon my habits of life," said a dissipated gentleman. "Are you sure, sir, that they are not abandoned enough already."

PROFESSORS in every branch of the sciences prefer their own theories to truth, for their theories are private property, but truth is common stock.

No disorders have employed so many quacks as those that have no cure; and no sciences have exercised so many quills as those which have no certainty

A MINNESOTA editor says that a sportsman recently shot in that State "a bird with four legs." We guess that it was *a canard*

NOT the least powerful consideration against suicide is the thought that one will inevitably be made a cushion of——to be sat upon by twelve men at once.

SALT LAKE abounds in fish. Two quarts of its water yield a pint of salt. How much salter would it have to be to pickle its own fish for transportation?

"Is it possible, Miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends?" "Certainly—I don't even know what my own may be a year from now"

SOMEBODY says that Gen. Scott undergoes a metamorphosis every morning. When he first rises he is Gen. *Jes' up.*

NEVER join your friend when he abuses his horse or his wife, unless the one is about to be sold and the other buried

IT is a beautiful remark of Bacon that he who robs in darkness breaks God's lock.

LADIES' hoops seem very much, in one respect, like the public officers—the *ins* are abused by the *outs*.

THERE is as much difference between a statesman and a politician as between a pillar and a post.

RIGHT and duty are like two palm-trees, which bear fruit only when growing side by side.

FOLLY will always find faith wherever impostors find impudence.

CURRENT ITEMS.

AN eccentric clergyman in Illinois was not long since "overhauled" by a synod for telling exaggerated stories about the musquitos he had met with "out West." He was accused of having said, among other things, that he had seen musquitos so large that many of them would weigh from half to three-quarters of a pound, and which would crawl up the trees, and *bark*. To this accusation he replied that *many* musquitos would weigh from half to three-quarters of a pound, but *how many* it would take to weigh that much he could not say; and that if a musquito crawled up a tree at all, it couldn't help crawling up the *bark* also. He was allowed to go without a reprimand.

THE New Orleans Delta says a large alligator was recently killed near that city, and his head cut off. Some twenty minutes afterwards, a sailor set the head up on the butt of the neck, and pulling open the ponderous jaws, thrust his foot between them. Persons who knew the tenacity of life in the alligator warned him to take his foot out, and he had hardly done so when the jaws closed with a crash which sent the teeth through both his hands, and wounded him severely.

IN London, a case recently came before the court of Queen's Bench, wherein it was shown that a father and son had been rivals in love, and resorted to many and strange expedients to "head each other off." The father was forty-five and the son twenty-three. The young lady was a blooming lass of eighteen. The result of the rivalry was that neither father nor son married the girl, whereupon she sued the latter for breach of promise, and the jury awarded her $3000 damages

IT has recently transpired that a man named Magee, who was hung at Boston not long since, was not killed by the hanging, but expired under the knife of a surgeon, who "operated" upon him after his body was taken from the gallows

RECENT advices from India give an account of an attack made upon Sir Colin Campbell and his staff by a colony of wild bees which they disturbed by their campfire. The "gallant" officers fought desperately against these insect Sepoys, but finally had to seek safety in flight.

THE wide-brimmed gipsey hat has just been adopted for common wear by the Empress Eugenie and the ladies of her court. So, the absurd little bonnet will go out with the absurd great hoops.

A YOUNG woman, named Laura J. Green, committed suicide in Indianapolis, a short time since, by taking arsenic, because she was obliged to go out as a servant, she having recently lost considerable property

A DRUNKEN man in St. Louis lately fell down in a gutter in which a quantity of hot water, discharged from a mill near by, was running, and before he could be rescued he was scalded to death.

REAL estate in Kansas is now at a very low ebb. People who, a few months ago, were considered to be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, cannot now raise money enough for current expenses

A CLERGYMAN was recently assaulted in the street in Louisville, Ky., because he announced his intention to vote at the next election in that city.

AN entire family of seven persons, named Seba, were recently poisoned, in Buffalo, by eating bread in which arsenic had been accidentally mixed.

A FEW days since a young man in Baltimore was attacked by a dog supposed to be mad, and though he was not injured he died of fright.

THE RECLUSE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

"Oh many a time and oft had Harold loved,
Or dreamed he loved, since rapture is a dream."
BYRON.

Alone, alone—the misty moon-beams rest
In silent vails of silver on the flowers;
Clasped fondly to the wood's familiar breast,
The birds are dreaming off the voiceless hours.

No, *not* alone—the winds are come to kiss
The feverish flushing from his furrowed brow;
And phantom-memories from the groves of bliss,
Come gliding through Time's ivied vistas now.

Most splendid was he in evanished years,
A form to look on once and ne'er forget;
But now his cheek is paled by midnight tears,
And tangled are the wild, rich curls of jet.

He walked the world and wearied of its glare,
Then fled to solitude to try *its* spell;
Now, by the mournful, haunted moonlight there
He looks on pictures that he knows too well.

One with a wild, dark eye that seems to flash
A proud defiance on his shrinking gaze,
As though the fires beneath the heavy lash
Would burn his heart for deeds of other days.

And then a stormy cloud of midnight hair
Sweeps round a brow haughty and dark and high;
And such a cheek! the rose is blushing there
As richly yet as in the years gone by.

"Norma," he mutters low, as if in fear
That from a lovely lip now hushed for aye,
An answer of reproachful scorn he'll hear;
"Norma!" and shuddering then he turns away.

Another, with soft curls of golden hue,
That gently cluster o'er a lily-brow,
And dreamy eyes of saddest, deepest blue,
Just such as haunt my lonely musings now.

O'er this he bends and from his clouded heart
There falls a sudden, silent rain, and cold;
He murmurs—"Mary, Mary—still thou art
As loved, as worshiped as thou wert of old."

Then from the many more he sadly turns,
And gazes strangely thro' the skies and air,
Then quenches the lone lamp that dimly burns,
And bows down calmly to his wonted prayer.

RICHARD HOFFMAN,

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

LILLIAN AND AL MOORAD.

When Lillian recovered from the lethargic slumber in which the cunning device of Nadir had thrown her, she found herself a prisoner in a small, square cell cut in the solid rock, and lit only by a brazen lamp, suspended by a chain from the arched roof. Her first impression was that she had fallen into a hideous dream; and she closed her eyes again, trusting that on re-opening them it would disperse—that she would find herself in the sanctuary by the side of her adopted mother, whose name she gently murmured.

Involuntarily she stretched forth her arms upon the pallet on which the priests had placed her; but the grasp of affection did not encounter hers. With a cry of terror she started to her feet.

"Where am I?" cried the agitated girl, looking wildly round her. "This is no dream, but reality—hideous reality. What has happend,—am I in a tomb or prison?"

Twice she repeated the word "prison" to herself. Then, pressing her hand upon her burning brow, exclaimed, "For what am I reserved?"

With frantic eagerness she sprang towards the door. It proved too strongly barred to yield to her weak efforts, whilst the rock-sculptured walls of her prison cell echoed back her cries, as if in mockery of her vain attempts to force an egress from it.

Exhausted with her efforts, the hapless prisoner cast herself despairingly upon her pallet, where she remained buried in hopeless grief.

Suddenly she heard her name pronounced; and, raising her head from its sad pillow, beheld the Hindoo banker, no longer clad in the sober garb he had worn in Calcutta, but dressed like an Eastern prince, his belt and armlets glittering with gems.

"Lillian," repeated the traitor.

The sound of his voice convinced her she was not mistaken. Half mad with joy at beholding one whom she had known in happier times, who had frequently been a guest at the house of Sir Charles, she threw herself at his feet, and implored him to save her.

"You will conduct me from this hideous place," she cried, "and restore me to my friends. You are too good, too generous to wage war against the happiness of a feeble girl. You will save me: will you not save me?"

"Your liberty," replied Al Moorad, "depends upon yourself."

There was something in the look which accompanied his words which caused the captive to retreat from him.

"On one condition," he added, "you shall be free this instant."

In a mournful tone Lillian repeated the word "condition."

"I love you," continued the artful villain; "not with the sickly, puny passion which Europe's sons term love, but with the ardor of the East. Consent to be mine and life shall seem a golden holiday—a summer's dream. The wealth of Asia shall deck your matchless form; your every wish be anticipated. More, for your sake, I will forego the vow of hatred I have sworn against the Christian spoilers of my country, and use my influence to preserve your friends."

"Thou knowest that I love another," answered the maiden; "that my plighted troth is his."

The Hindoo regarded her with a cynical smile.

"Besides," she added, speaking yet more earnestly, "our fathers are different—I am a Christian, thou art an idolater."

"We can overleap that barrier," observed Al Moorad, attempting to take her hand. "A love like mine mocks at such vain distinctions."

"Love!" exclaimed the terrified girl, in mournful accents; "true love is not a selfish passion; it seeks not happiness at the expense of another's misery. What have I done?—how offended thee, that thou shouldst pass like a dark shadow between me and the sun of my existence? It is true that I am in thy power," she added; "but that, if thou hast one spark of manhood left, will be my protection and safety. I have friends who will ransom me richly."

"The wealth of Ind," replied her oppressor, "would not redeem thee. One smile from those sweet lips is far more precious to me than all the treasures of ravaged India. I need not the gold of the English."

"Fear their vengeance then," said Lillian, trying to assume a courage she was far from feeling. "The rajah has already been defeated in his attack upon the temple."

"Still thou art in my power," observed the banker, "in a spot where the invader's foot hath never trod."

"My countrymen may find me, even here; if living, release—if dead, avenge."

"Girl," replied the banker, "I would fain owe the happiness I seek to thy own consent. Al Moorad is not the least distinguished or the poorest of his race. Conform to the faith of India's gods, who have proved their superiority in the downfall of the Christians, the dispersion of their power, and I will wed thee according to the rights of Brahma."

"Deny my God!" exclaimed the captive, indignantly; "efface the baptismal seal of regeneration from my brow—become the scorn and pity of all who love me? never—never. Death were a thousand times more preferable. But you are not serious; such fearful words can only be meant as a trial of my constancy and faith."

"Death!" repeated the Hindoo, "I almost believe that thou wouldst brave it; but there are trials which precede it."

The licentious look of the speaker explained his meaning more fully than his words.

"Kill me," answered Lillian, "and I will pardon thee."

"Men do not slay the thing they love," said Al Moorad. "Thy life is far more precious to me than even the triumph of my race. I will not act ungenerously. Four-and-twenty hours I give thee to reflect upon my offer, then——"

"Have pity on my tears—my agony!" interrupted the unhappy girl, fearful lest her ears should be polluted by a menace whose words would stain her cheek with shame;—"have pity on me and let me die!"

"Have I not suffered, too," retorted the Indian, "and had my agonies?—seen thee leaning on another's arm—gazing with love-lit eyes upon his features—drinking with willing ears the music of his flattering tongue—and vailed my feelings beneath a smile, even whilst my heart dropped blood?"

LILLIAN AND AL MOORAD.

At this allusion to her lover, and the happy hours she had passed with him, Lillian yielded to her tears, the sight of which excited the jealous passion of her persecutor almost to madness. In his rage he would have clasped her in his loathsome embrace, had not the frantic shrieks of the hapless girl appalled him.

"I will not break faith with thee," he said; "the delay I promised shall be kept inviolate: use it wisely for reflection."

So saying he hurried from the cell, the door of which he fastened carefully after him.

Completely crushed by the agonies she had endured and the terrors of her situation, the captive sank fainting on the floor of her prison, and insensibility released her for a while from the consciousness of her misery.

As Al Moorad threaded the narrow, winding passage which led to that part of the cavern temple occupied by the chief Brahmin and the priests, he fancied that he discerned in the gloom the slight figure of the sycee retreating before him. If so, the boy must have been watching his interview with Lillian; and he at once imparted his suspicions to Nadir.

The old man listened incredulously.

"A lover's jealousy," he replied; "Hirim is powerless to protect her."

"But he may betray the secret entrance to her friends," urged the banker.

"When he knows its mystery," said the hoary Brahmin, impatiently. "Your imagination must have deceived you," he added, "for a hundred eyes are on him, and as many arms are ready to immolate him at the first sign of treachery. Trust upon the experience of age—it will not deceive thee."

"You do not know his cunning," observed his confederate.

"I know his faith," retorted the priest. "He betrayed his master whom he loved rather than the project accident had revealed to him; urge me upon this theme no further."

"But what if I obtain proof of his treason?"

The eyes of the Brahmin flashed with a momentary fire, which proved that the snows of age had not subdued the fiercer passions of his nature, but merely changed the object which excited them. If love and its thousand sympathies were extinct within his heart, ambition and priestly intolerance reigned in their place with equal sway.

"I will offer him," he exclaimed, "with Kehoda and the Christian Caleb a sacrifice to the outraged goddess; but it must be proved," he added, resuming his wonted calmness—"proved to the evidence of ear and sight, probability and reason; my confidence is yet unshaken in him. He sought me willingly——"

"That might hide a purpose," observed Al Moorad.

"Confessed that he had overheard our plan of poisoning the Englishman Tyrrel by the ministry of Hassan, that he would have saved him could he have done so without denouncing the chief of his faith, and implored me as he could not remain and see his master die, to receive him in the temple."

"And you believed him?"

"Yes: for the fool is honest. It was not his fault that the Englishman escaped the effects of the poisoned root, or that our agent perished to conceal our share in the attempt."

Little did the speakers imagine that every word they uttered was overheard by the party most interested in their conversation. At the door of the cell the sycee was crouched, his ear close to the ground to catch the sound of their voices. When the Brahmin declared his horrible resolution to sacrificing him to Mariatele with his other victims, in the event of his proving treacherous, a thrill of terror ran through his frame, accompanied by a pang of remorse at the recollection of his weakness in abandoning the master, who had been so kind to him, to his fate. But the feeling soon gave way to joy, on learning that their machinations had failed—that the sahib Tyrrell lived; and he crept stealthily from the spot, fearing to risk detection.

It would be difficult to say what resolution animated him; certain it was that since he had been an inmate of the temple his faith in the sanctity of Nadir and the priests had been considerably shaken, if not altogether destroyed.

He had been admitted behind the vail, and witnessed the pollution of the sanctuary.

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE JEALOUS HUSBAND UNMASKED.

Little did our hero imagine that at the very moment when fortune seemed disposed to crown with success the enterprise which brought him to India, danger, in its most appalling form, threatened the fair girl whose image haunted alike his dreams and waking hours, whose life was henceforth so entwined with his, that, like twin roses on one stem, they must either sweetly bloom or fade together.

Such is the destiny of all true passions—of love, conceived in purity and truth, and nurtured by mutual sympathies.

The confession of Sanford that he had been urged by the jealous promptings of Mr. Chutnee to undertake the criminal enterprise which had terminated so fatally to himself, was an embarrassing one. Not on the merchant's account—there was little desire to spare him—but on Zamora's, whose proud and sensitive nature Richard well knew would be doubly wounded by the exposure of her husband's unjust suspicions, and by her name being brought in question as the cause of it.

In India, from the very luxuriance of the soil, the ranker the weed the swifter its growth. An observation which applies to moral as well as vegetable ones; for in no country does that foulest of all weeds, scandal, take deeper root or propagate itself more quickly. A few hours suffice to ripen a word, uttered in levity or malice, into a suspicion, a suspicion into an assertion, and a reputation withers as rapidly as a flower.

It was decided that Lieutenant Marsh and our hero should wait on Mr. Chutnee before giving their evidence at the inquiry which the magistrates were about to hold touching the death of the confidential clerk, lest, as the former shrewdly observed, the insane jealousy he had conceived of our hero might induce him to throw obstacles in the way of the examination of Sanford's papers, upon which so much depended.

Having come to this conclusion, they started at an early hour for the residence of the merchant, whom they found seated at the breakfast-table with his wife. He had heard of the fatal result of the scheme which he had been weak enough to sanction, if not to plan, and a shade of mingled displeasure and uneasiness clouded his naturally sombre features. The lady appeared cold and reserved.

The English mail had just arrived, and a packet of letters from his correspondents in London lay unopened on the table before him.

"Strange," he said, as he turned them listlessly over; "here is a letter for you."

"From England?"

"Yes."

"Who can have written to me?" exclaimed Zamora, in a tone of surprise. "I have no living relatives or friends there."

"Sealed with black, too," observed her husband, examining it suspiciously.

Had he been alone, the probabilities are that the vague, restless jealousy which haunted him might have prompted him to open the letter; that not being the case, he handed it to her with an air of affected confidence. He forgot the adage that "our old sins are sure to find us."

As Mrs. Chutnee perused it, her husband watched, with secret uneasiness, every movement and expression of her features, in the hope of obtaining some clue to the contents. Suddenly her countenance flushed, and then became exceedingly pale.

"No ill tidings?" he asked, unable any longer to conceal his anxiety.

"Most painful ones," replied his wife, with a sigh.

"Indeed!"

To the great annoyance of the gentleman, she placed the letter in her bosom.

"If there is any point on which my advice or assistance——" observed the merchant.

"Neither," interrupted Zamora, whose eyes by this time were filled with tears.

The jealousy, suspicion and anger of her husband had reached their culminating point, and he could no longer restrain his impatience.

"I must insist," he said, "upon reading that letter."

"It will afford you but little pleasure," answered the lady, with a bitter smile. After an instant's reflection, she added, "Although I deny the right of a husband to pry into his wife's correspondence, on one condition, Herbert, you shall."

"Name your condition, madam," muttered Mr. Chutnee, impatiently.

"That you answer me one question."

"Willingly."

"Did you ever, previous to or since our marriage, receive a letter from my aunt, Margaret Esmond? I am answered," she continued, after a pause, "answered by the blush, which proves you are still sensible to the shame of a mean, unworthy action. Why were the letters of my only relative—and that relative a woman, too—kept from me? what a cold, ungrateful being she must have thought me!"

"It was wrong," said the abashed and detected man.

"Say despicable," replied his wife, without being in the slightest degree moved by his humiliation. "How vile, how utterly vile does your conduct appear, now that the mask of deceit has fallen. For years I was taught to believe myself a friendless orphan, the dependent of your charity, and I loved you for your benevolence, little dreaming that your selfish arts deprived me of the affection and knowledge of one whose heart yearned with affection for her sister's child; who, dying, forgave her seeming ingratitude, and left her the heiress of her fortune. There is the letter, Herbert," she added; "I will not break my promise."

She drew it from her bosom and placed it upon the table as she concluded her cold and cutting reproaches. The merchant caught it up and read it eagerly; it was from the lawyer of the deceased lady, informing Mrs. Chutnee that her aunt, who, from the fact of no reply ever having been received to the numerous letters she had sent, long believed her dead, having accidentally heard both of her existence and marriage, had, by her last will and testament, bequeathed to her her entire fortune.

The words which followed seared the eyeballs of the unhappy, jealous husband.

"To and for her sole use and enjoyment."

He dropped the letter with a deep-drawn sigh—the deceit of years was exposed. The bequest came too late to prevent the sacrifice of Zamora to the selfish passion which he misnamed love, but it rendered her no longer dependent on him.

"You will not leave me!" he exclaimed, in a tone of voice so humble and subdued, it showed how completely he was crushed. "I cannot have many years to live."

"Not whilst you respect the conditions under which I consented to remain beneath your roof," coldly answered his wife. "Attempt to break them," she added, "and I sail for England by the first vessel."

At this moment one of the servants announced the visit of Lieutenant Marsh and Mr. Tyrrell. The hour was so unusual for a call, either of ceremony or business, that the merchant felt uneasy. With the consciousness of guilt, he foresaw a painful if not humiliating scene.

"I will see the gentlemen in the library," he said.

"And why not here?" observed Zamora, whose glance detected his confusion; "they are neither of them strangers."

"In the library!" repeated Mr. Chutnee, still more emphatically, trusting to carry his point by a show of determination he was very far from feeling.

His wife, with womanly tact, did not choose to press her wish in the presence of a servant, neither did she think fit to relinquish it, but simply directed the man to inform the visitors that she desired to see them before they quitted the house.

The domestic salaamed and withdrew.

"You tried me hard," said the merchant, fixing his eyes upon her resentfully.

"We have both been tried, Herbert," she replied.

"You consider yourself free, then, to act as you please?"

"Free as the bird," exclaimed Zamora, "who finds the chain which bound it is of thread, not iron. In daring to suspect me," she added, "you first weakened the tie which united us, and the discovery of the baseness of the means by which you led me to suppose myself the friendless object of your bounty, and worked on my gratitude to marry you, has destroyed the affection I once felt—for despite the disparity of our years, I loved you—loved you for the warm heart and generous feelings so cleverly assumed."

"And now?"

"Ask me not what my present feelings are. I tremble to analyse them. One thing alone is clear to me—that in ceasing to respect my husband, I have not ceased to respect myself."

When Mr. Chutnee met his visitors in the library, he tried to receive them with an appearance of cordiality, but the effort was so evidently strained, that neither of them were deceived by it.

The lieutenant at once proceeded to explain the purport of their visit.

"You have doubtless heard," he said, "of the attempt to plunder the house of my young friend here, and the death of one of the robbers?"

The merchant repeated the words "death" and "robbers." In his confusion he scarcely knew what to say.

"The unfortunate man," added our hero, "proves to be your clerk, Mr. Sanford."

"Impossible!" ejaculated his confederate.

"Who, before breathing his last, made *a full confession*," resumed the old soldier, "and gave into the hands of Mr. Tyrrell the key of a desk containing his private papers, which papers are of importance to the future prospects, I may say happiness, of my friend."

"I cannot give them up," exclaimed Mr. Chutnee, hastily, for he felt a secret satisfaction in thwarting the interests of one whom he regarded as the cause of his domestic unhappiness. "Mr. Tyrrell is neither the executor nor heir of the deceased."

"In that case it will be my painful duty," observed the lieutenant, "to make public the assertion of the dying man—that he was urged by you to undertake the criminal enterprise in which he met his death."

"By me!—ridiculous! What motive?"

"Ask your own heart," interrupted Richard, "and you will find an answer in the unjust suspicions which have poisoned its better feelings and wronged the purity it should have trusted. My happiness—the fame of one most dear to me—depend upon the possession of those papers. You surely cannot be so cruel and unjust as to withhold them from me."

"I am not to be taught my duty," said the merchant, coldly.

"I am afraid you will never feel it, Herbert," said his wife, who at the same moment entered the apartment. "You see to what degradation you have reduced me. I have overheard every word that has transpired."

Her husband bit his lips with mortification.

"You must give up the papers," added the speaker.

"Never," said Mr. Chutnee, sullenly.

Zamora turned from him with an expression of pain and disappointment.

"The world has read you a strange lesson, Richard," she observed, "since you landed in Calcutta. You little thought that I should ever condescend to act the eavesdropper, or my husband the thief."

"Thief, madam!" exclaimed the merchant, indignantly.

"How else do you designate those who rob, or league with robbers?" demanded the lady, coldly. "But I am tired of this wretched warfare. Lieutenant Marsh, when does the next vessel sail for England?"

"In fifteen days."

"I shall sail with it," said Mrs. Chutnee, firmly. "My presence shall not be made the excuse of crime or injustice."

This last threat prevailed, and her husband at once consented to give up the papers, which consisted of the letters of Carus Kearn; and amongst others one in the handwriting of our hero's grandmother, addressed to Mr. Bently, with the following superscription:—

"To be read only by my husband, in the event of my death."

Although the unscrupulous hand of Sanford had violated the injunction, and broken the seal, Richard religiously respected it.

Placing all the correspondence in an envelope, he carefully sealed and committed it to the charge of his friend and guardian.

"You will be the bearer of it to England," he said.

"And you?"

"Will follow Lillian," replied our hero. "I have paid my debt to duty, although the struggle has been a severe one, and love now asserts its claims."

"You hear!" said Mrs. Chutnee, addressing her husband; "the imaginary rival you have thought fit to be jealous of is at least a noble one, and worthy a woman's heart."

"I cannot argue the point with you, Richard," observed his friend; "for feeling, if not reason, tells me you are right; but I must accompany you in the search. We either return to England together," he added, "or leave our bones in India."

As neither argument nor entreaty could shake the speaker's resolution, the packet was despatched through the usual channel to Mr. Bently; and the next day the hero of our tale, accompanied by Jack Manders and his guardian, well armed and mounted, started from Calcutta, all three wearing the costume of the native travelers.

There was but little difficulty in following the route which the regiment had taken; and for several days the party pursued their way unmolested.

The first adventure which befel them occurred in a jungle, where Richard, whose impatience generally led him in advance of his companions, unexpectedly found himself face to face with one of those ferocious monsters, the scourge of India—a royal tiger. So absorbed was he in his reveries, that it was only by the sudden terror of his horse, which refused to proceed, that our hero was made aware of his danger. The half famished brute was already prepared to make its deadly spring, when Jack, perceiving his master's peril, leveled his rifle and fired.

The bullet wounded the animal slightly in the neck. Enraged with the pain, it paused for an instant; then crouched again, lashing its sides furiously with its tail.

"Fly!" shouted the lieutenant, who by this time had joined them.

At that same instant a shot was fired from the jungle, and the ball entered the monster's brain

The three travelers looked around, wondering from whence the timely aid had come, and discovered a wretched, gaunt, half-starved-looking man, in the dress of a fakir, making his way through the underwood.

Tyrrell expressed his gratitude in Hindustani. To his astonishment, his preserver replied to him in English.

"Is it possible that you have forgotten me!" he said. "But I ought not to be surprised at it: the mother who bore me, and the wife who loved me would scarcely recognize me now."

Suddenly our hero grasped his arm, and pronounced the name of "Mark Rayner."

CHAPTER LXXVI.

MARK RAYNER'S STORY.

"How is it," exclaimed our hero, "that I find you thus disguised?" and why are you absent from your regiment? What has occurred?"

"I am starving," replied Mark, in a hoarse voice; "give me food; I have not tasted any these three days!"

Like most travelers in India, the friends were well provided, and Jack hastily set before him an abundant supply.

"But one word," added Richard, "to relieve my anxiety—Lillian?"

"Well when I left her," answered the hungry

man, ravenously seizing on the first morsel presented to him, and devouring it like a famished wolf.

Having appeased his appetite at last, Mark Rayner, although he still continued to cast longing glances at the remnants of the repast which Jack was replacing in his saddle-bags, intimated his readiness to relate the circumstances which had taken place since the departure of the 01st from Calcutta.

Day by day the disguised soldier described the march of the regiment till it arrived at the village where the treacherous attack was made. When he came to the escape through the blazing jungle, and the refuge within the walls of the temple, the admiration and excitement of his hearers broke forth in words they could no longer repress.

"Gallant fellows!" exclaimed the lieutenant, his professional pride deeply gratified by the narrative. "Sir Charles has proved himself worthy to command them."

"And Lillian!" inquired Richard, who thought less of the glory his countrymen had won than of her danger: "how did she bear the horrors of such a scene?"

"I cannot tell you how nobly," replied Mark, his feelings warming at the recollection; "and they were no common terrors that assailed her, for she and Lady Bell had both heard of the fearful massacre of Cawnpore, and knew the fate that would await them should they fall into the hands of their enemies. But they were prepared to meet it," he added, solemnly.

"How prepared?" demanded his hearers, in a tone of surprise.

"I ought to have said escape it," answered the soldier, "by death. Rose told me that she overheard Lady Bell exact a solemn promise from your friend, Mr. Wharton, not to suffer them to fall alive into the power of the rebels."

The lover bit his lips to repress his strong emotions. More than once he essayed to speak, but a rising something in his throat choked his utterance.

"It would have been murder," sobbed Jack Manders; "and yet I could not have blamed the noble gentleman."

"A sacrifice, rather," observed the lieutenant, "and one which, if Heaven did not approve, its mercy might have pardoned. Noble, generous Wharton, thank Heaven, he was not called upon to carry out his fatal promise!"

"Who can tell what has since occurred? The attack may have been renewed with more success, and their defenders slain, or pitiless hunger may have done the work of the sword."

"Little fear of the latter," answered Mark, hopefully. "The place was well provisioned, for the villagers had driven most of their cattle to the temple for security."

"Is the building a strong one?" inquired Marsh.

The husband of Rose described it in terms sufficiently clear to make the old soldier comprehend the advantages it afforded for defence.

"I would risk my life!" he exclaimed, "that it is still holding out; our gallant fellows would keep the place against any force that was not backed by artillery. There lies the only danger."

"Had the rajah any cannon?" eagerly demanded our hero, turning to the disguised trooper.

"I believe not, sir."

"And his fort?"

"Appeared a straggling place of no great strength."

These and many similar questions had to be answered before Mark was permitted to renew his narrative, which proved to be one of extreme suffering and privation.

For days after quitting the temple he had wandered, without daring to trust to the protection of his disguise, through the wood and jungle, avoiding the villages by day, and sleeping at night in the branches of some lofty tree, for the possession of which more than once he had to combat with the ferocious jaguar. When driven by hunger to approach some isolated dwelling, he had rested but a few instants; but returned to the shelter of the woods again, the craving of hunger once satisfied.

It was a painful task, as well as a dangerous one, that Mark Rayner had undertaken; but a double motive urged and animated him: the first was the recovery of the good opinion of Sir Charles; the second, and strongest one, the safety of Rose, whose fate was involved in that of her mistress and the regiment. Whenever he found his courage failing, the recollection of all his wife had endured for his sake, reanimated him, and he pressed forward, trusting against dangers that might have appalled the strongest nerves, and hoping almost against hope.

At last the perseverance of the wanderer was rewarded; and, just as his overtasked powers of endurance gave way, he encountered the first division of the avenging force on its march to Delhi.

His melancholy message was soon told.

The intelligence that the gallant 01st were beleaguered in their solitary position by overwhelming numbers of the rebels, deeply moved the officer who commanded the advancing troops; but he could do nothing without orders from General Anson, to whom he forwarded the messenger. The decision of the former was prompt and soldierly. The regiment must be relieved at any risk, and Mark was once more dispatched with promises of speedy succor. Worn as he was the brave fellow readily undertook the task; and had proceeded thus far on his return, when Providence made him the instrument of preserving the life of our hero.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

FRIENDSHIP.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

The assertion that there is no true friendship in the world speaks no praise for the heart of him who makes it.

There *is* such a thing—much of it; and it is like a garden of roses, and fountains, and shade in the sandy desert, and in most cases he will know this who shows *himself* friendly, as says the proverb.

And yet it is a fact that earthly friendship is everywhere imperfect and unsatisfying. There is so much of selfishness in even the most generous and endearing nature that, while we are in the flesh, our souls cannot mingle in complete communion.

Always, and with every human friend, there is something that we do not care to confide—there is *some* influence that is not towards communion. We know that in regard to certain things we should not be able to make ourselves understood—that in regard to certain other things we should not be able to gain sympathy, and thus there is a part of us shut up in darkness from our friend, however much we may love him. Then there are sorrows which are *never at rest in our souls*, but which would wear out the patience of the most sympathizing earthly friend, were they to be allowed frequent utterance; so we often laugh and talk gaily with our companions, urging them (for conscience's sake) to remain with us, when we heartily desire to be alone, that we may play the child, and weep in the abandonment of our own seclusion. Friends soon grow weary of the tears and complaints caused by sorrows which never grow weary of scourging and tearing the heart.

And then we are all more or less hateful, at least at times; and when a person is tempted of the evil spirits in his own soul, he is very apt to feel that everybody else in the world is just as selfish, hateful, and wretched as himself. In this mood some have written, and then they have declared that there was no friendship in the world. Poor souls! we can pity them. We know how *abundantly* to pity them, being called to contend with that same fiend, ourself, about once in every twelve hours. But "if ye resist the devil, he will flee from you," and there is one way of resisting this particular form of him, that is more speedily successful than any other way.

When you are just about deciding that there really isn't *any such thing* as genuine friendship, start suddenly, and make for some place where you can do the act of a true friend. The moment that act is accomplished you'll be cured, for that time at least, of your disposition to believe in a lie.

When you are settling gloomily down into the conclusion that nobody in the world cares *anything* about *you*, set yourself resolutely about showing somebody that you care about him, and you'll soon find that you are *not* an object of utter indifference, after all. It may be that nobody cares a very great deal about you; it *may be* that you are not really necessary to the happiness or comfort of a single person in the wide world; but if you are kind and friendly in your ways, you have, beyond all manner of doubt, many well wishers, and some warm friends.

If it is the will of God to set you solitary, to give you no devoted love to make life a delight to you, you must do without that blessing; but you need not feel forsaken, for it is not so. There are those about you who will be to you all that you will be to them; who will help to cheer your way through life, who will care for you when you are dying; who will weep (a little while) for you when you are dead. As for the *perfection* of friendship between fellow creatures (as for that of love) do not *expect* it this side of Heaven.

But to offset this unwelcome truth (of *every one's* earlier or later experience) is this most precious one, that even here, where and while we are so imperfect that it is impossible for us to be altogether true and affectionate friends and lovers to each other, God, who made us, and who is *always with us*, is perfectly the friend of every one of us. He is our warmest lover. He is changeless, though we are not two hours the same. He understands us. He is in our entire confidence.

"Alone with God, no human eye
Is here, with eager look, to pry
Into the meaning of each sigh.

"Alone with God! no jealous glare
Now stings me with its torturing stare—
No human malice says 'Beware!'

"Alone with God! He only knows
If sorrow's ocean overflows
The silent spring from whence it rose.

"Alone with God! He mercy lends;
Life's fainting hope, its meager ends;
Life's dwarfing pain He comprehends.

"Alone with God! He feeleth well
The soul's pent life that *will* o'erwell—
The life-long want no words may tell.

"Alone with God! still nearer bend—
Oh! tender Father, condescend,
In this, my need, to be my friend!

"Alone with God! with suppliant mien,
Upon thy pitying breast I lean,
Not less because Thou art unseen.

"Alone with God! safe in thine arms,
Oh! shield me from life's wild alarms
O, save me from life's fearful harms!

"Alone with God! my Father, bless,
With Thy celestial promises,
The soul that needs Thy tenderness.

"Alone with God! O, sweet to me
This covert to whose shade I flee,
To find repose in Thee—in Thee."

FATHER SAWYER.

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

One of the most interesting characters, if not *the* most interesting character of the State of Maine, is an aged minister, now residing in the city of B——. When he was twenty-four years of age he asked permission of his father to enter college.

Young America, in those days, was not exactly what it is *now*. A college course then included theological training, and having gained his sire's consent young Sawyer entered upon his studies.

Those ended, he went forth into what was as a wilderness, to gather together those who were scattered abroad, and to feed them with the bread of eternal life. He is now nearly one hundred and three years of age, and sits in his daughter's home content and cheerful, although helpless; so much so that he has to be fed. His mind seems hardly touched by the infirmity of age. His memory is as good as ever. He can calculate and reckon (there *is* a difference) as clearly and correctly as needs be.

More than three-quarters of his long life has been spent in the active service of his Master. He has wandered through the woods, and among the mountains of Maine, preaching everywhere. On foot or on horse-back, he went; and often, say his friends, did the forest ring with his songs of praise, or murmur back an echo to his prayers.

"I should think," remarked a Professor of the Theological Seminary of B——; "I should think that Father Sawyer has traveled on horse-back as many miles as one would pass in circumnavigating the globe."

The accessions lately made to many of our churches in various parts of our land, have been called marvelously large—and so they are, considering the past ten or twenty years additions; but many, many years, toward a hundred years ago, Father Sawyer received at one time upwards of sixty new members to his church in a small settlement in the rough and wild region of the Penobscot.

What a way "adown the track of memory" have "the coursers" of that old man's mind to fly.

When we saw him he sat at eventide erect in his old arm chair, and he looked as though he was thinking far, far backward.

His countenance spoke of health, although his limbs were weak, and in his eyes no sight; his cheeks were ruddy; that ancient brow was fair, and the seams that crossed it were not half so deep as those that remorse and bitterness of spirit sometimes plough through the foreheads of the comparatively youthful.

The white hair, like a halo of glory and honor, encircled his head, and fell softly down upon his shoulders. He looked fully that which he was—a saint of God—whose work has been well done, now waiting for his call to enter upon his reward. Callers upon the Centenarian are numerous. Father Sawyer holds daily levees. His receptions are at at all times.

He greatly enjoys company. Strangers are always welcomed, and treated with attention and respect. It seems as if the old gentleman knew almost every body's grand-parents, or some of their ancestors; and he never forgets old acquaintances.

Father Sawyer hears tolerably well. Those who have a distinct voice find little trouble in conversing with him. His manners are still as courtly as those of a well bred man in his prime.

"Are the ladies all seated?" is his first question, when informed that he has lady callers. "I am not able to *see* my friends, and therefore do not know whether there are seats for you all," he sometimes adds.

The effect of a visit to Father Sawyer is a singular one. You feel, involuntarily, that you stand upon the very borders of the Heavenly Land. You believe that you look upon a prophet; and it seems that could you stand beside him when he goes hence, you could catch glimpses of the glory which will open to receive him, and hear the echo of the glad "Hosannas!" that will welcome him—the well and long tried servant of the Lord, into His Eternal Home, and back to immortal youth and vigor.

A ROBBER IN DISGUISE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

A discussion having sprung up between some gentlemen who had met in a social circle, as to whether it was most proper to consider every man honest till he proved himself to be a rogue, or to consider every one a rogue till he proved himself to be an honest man, one of the party, who had aforetime been a traveling bank agent, said he would narrate an incident of his own experience, which, if it amounted to nothing more, he thought would at least prove pretty conclusively that it is never safe to judge of a stranger by his appearance.

"The Spring of 18—," he began, "found me a traveler through a certain portion of the West, on business connected with the bank of which I was at that time the agent, and for the transaction of which business I carried with me a considerable sum of money. At the town of L****, in the State of Kentucky, where I chanced to remain some three or four days, putting up at one of the principal hotels, I became acquainted with a gentleman who arrived in the place the day after myself, and whom, from his appearance and representations, I believed to be a clergyman from the eastward, traveling partly for his health and partly on a visit to some distant friends.

"We became acquainted somewhat incidentally, and from the very first I was much taken with his appearance. He was some thirty years of age, of a slight, genteel figure, had pale and somewhat ascetic features, was dressed in a plain suit of black, and wore a white neckcloth and gold spectacles.

"In the course of conversation he gave me considerable information concerning himself; and in return I acquainted him with my business, and informed him that I should shortly set out *en route* for the city of N******, in the adjoining State of Tennessee.

"'Why, then, Sir,' he said, 'if it be agreeable to you, we will become fellow-travelers, for that is also one of the places I wish to visit myself.'

"'I should be most happy of your company,' I replied; 'but, unfortunately, my business will require me to lay over at some two or three different towns on the way.'

"'It will not make any material difference to me,' he rejoined; 'and merely for the sake of your company, I will suit my time to yours. Traveling as I am for health and pleasure, and not business, I am in no haste—a long stage is always irksome and fatiguing—and I am satisfied I shall enjoy the trip much better by keeping myself with so congenial a companion.'

"This arrangement having finally been agreed upon, the Rev. Mr. Kinney stated that he had a friend somewhere in the vicinity whom he wished to visit; but though this would require his absence for the present, he would return punctually at the time appointed for my departure.

"Shortly after this he left the hotel, and I saw nothing more of him till near the hour agreed upon; but he returned according to promise, and we both set off together—the stage, which conveyed us from the town of L****, being crowded with passengers.

"At the village of S*****, where I made my first halt, Mr. Kinney also made his, and we both, as before, put up at the principal public house. I proceeded to transact the business which called me thither, and he to amuse himself by sauntering through the place, and admiring the rather romantic scenery in the vicinity. Three hours sufficed to arrange all my affairs for a fresh start; but as the stage only passed through the village once in twenty-four hours, I supposed I should have to remain over till the following day.

"In this respect I was agreeably disappointed; for shortly after returning to the hotel, my clerical friend appeared, and inquired what time I should be ready to set forward.

"'I am ready now, for that matter,' I replied, 'but there is no stage till to-morrow.'

"'Fortunately, my friend,' he rejoined, 'I have just met with an old acquaintance, who, with a team of his own, is on his way from a village a few miles back of here to the town of P******, where I believe you mentioned it was your intention to make another halt; and if agreeable to you, we can gain one stage by going through with him; so that when the next regular conveyance comes along, you will probably be ready to take it and save at least one day's delay.'

"'The idea,' I replied, 'is a very agreeable one to me—for in these small places, after business is over, time always hangs heavily upon my hands; but I do not wish to be intrusive, and your friend may not care to be encumbered with a stranger.'

"'Oh, I will settle that!' he rejoined; 'in fact I have already done so; for thinking that you, like myself, would like to resume your journey at the earliest practicable moment, I have spoken to Mr. Worrell to that effect, and he has expressed himself as being highly pleased at having us for companions.'

"Not to prolong my story with needless detail, I will merely state that the matter was soon arranged to the satisfaction of all parties—my reverend companion seeking his friend, and the latter bringing him back to our hotel, in a covered, one-horse vehicle, to which was speedily transferred myself and baggage.

"When we set out from S******, it wanted about an hour and a half of sunset; and it was calculated that, by good driving, we could reach P****, a little past midnight, which would give me the whole of the morning in advance of the regular stage, and enable me to be ready to take it when it should pass that way.

"For some three or four hours everything went on very pleasantly—the road being a good one, and leading through a fine but rather sparsely settled country—and Mr. Kinney relieving the tedium of travel by congenial conversation.

"During our intercourse I had become much attached to him. He was a man of no little intellectual capacity, of manners the most pleasing, and apparently possessed a rare refinement of thought and speech. He had studied much, read much, traveled much, and had been at all times a deep and practical thinker—at least such seemed evident from his conversation. There was scarcely a subject that he did not seem familiar with, and he could at all times express his ideas clearly and concisely. Though contending for the highest morality, he was not, so far as I could judge, wanting in that true benevolence which excludes bigotry, and affirms a conviction that there are good men among all classes and denominations. In short, by one means and another, he made himself so agreeable, that I more than once thanked fortune for our acquaintance, and secretly regretted that our arrival in the city of N****** would probably bring about a final separation.

"Night having set in as we journeyed onward—and our route, owing to the deep darkness of the heavy wood through which the road mostly lay, being too uncertain for anything like speed—and Mr. Worrell also becoming deeply interested in the remarks of his clerical friend, who just at this time had become more than usually entertaining—our horse was allowed to pick his way forward at a gait most pleasing to himself.

"When it was, therefore, that we left the main road, I do not know; but at length my attention was called off from the absorbing narration of the Rev. Mr. Kinney, by discovering, from the motion of our vehicle, that we were actually plunging into deep ruts or gullies, and jolting over stumps or stones, in a manner inconsistent with the idea of being upon a regularly traveled stage-route.

"'Excuse me for interrupting you,' said I to my clerical friend, 'but have we not got off the main road?'

"'Upon my faith, it would seem so!' he replied. 'Eh! friend Worrell—how about this? Surely no stage passes over ground like this?'

"'There must have been a heavy rain here, and gullied the road,' answered Worrell; 'for my horse has been along here too often to mistake the way.'

"'I think it will all come right presently, Mr. Withers,' said the clergyman, addressing me. 'The road is somewhat rough, it is true; but I believe it is the main road, nevertheless. Let me see! where was I? Oh, yes—I remember!' and forthwith he resumed his story, and went on to its conclusion, occupying some fifteen minutes more, and we all this time jolting, rocking, and pitching as badly as ever.

"'Well, upon my word, fried Worrell,' he said, as soon as he had finished his narration, 'I am seriously inclined to believe you have got out of the main road indeed!'

"'I do not see how that can be,' replied the other; 'for certainly the instinct of my horse would not permit him to turn aside from a route which he must know leads to good quarters.'

"'Still,' said I, 'there is a possibility of our having turned off from the main route; and I think, before we go any further, a careful examination should be made.'

"'So think I,' coincided the Rev. Mr. Kinney.

"'Well, gentlemen,' rejoined Worrell, 'I will wager half-a-dozen bottles of wine that we are right; but to satisfy you, I will agree to make an examination in five minutes, if we do not come to smooth traveling before that time.'

"We rode on, slowly but roughly, our way being very dark and running through a heavy wood; but after a lapse of more than the time specified, finding our road had not improved, I insisted upon a halt and a careful examination of the locality.

"'Certainly,' said Mr. Kinney, 'an examination must be made here, for I think myself there is some mistake. Do not disturb yourself, however, Mr. Withers,' he added, as he left the vehicle with his friend, 'but remain quietly where you are, and we will soon have the matter set right.'

"After leaving the carriage, my two companions walked away together a few paces, as if to make an examination of the surrounding scene, and I heard them conversing together in low, cautious tones.

"And then it was, I scarcely know how nor why, that a strange feeling of distrust and suspicion began to creep over me. Who were these men? Pshaw! one of them was a clergyman—and could I suspect a man of his sacred calling? and the other was his friend. Ha! but did I know him to be a minister of the gospel? Might he not be a wolf in sheep's clothing? I then remembered having heard of noted desperadoes and robbers assuming a clerical appearance for the purpose of carrying out some sinister design; and my suspicions being now fully aroused, I thought rapidly and even painfully, and recalled a hundred little incidents, nothing as it were in themselves, but now seeming to form a chain of evidence that should be duly weighed and considered.

"Who was this Mr. Kinney? I had met him as a stranger in a strange place; he had in a manner pressed himself upon my acquaintance; he had proposed accompanying me, and had done so, notwithstanding such obstacles as would have deterred most travelers from a like proceeding; he had absented himself, perhaps to find a confederate; he had unexpectedly, and somewhat mysteriously, found a friend on the route, and persuaded me to accept of a private conveyance instead of the regular coach; and we had apparently got lost on a plain road, or else turned into some by-path in a manner that seemed to prove some design rather than accident!

"What could all this mean? It might mean much, or it might mean nothing. But I was not a poor traveler; I had a large sum of money in my possession; a large sum of money might be a temptation to men of reputed integrity, to say nothing of its effect upon professional robbers or highwaymen; and under the circumstances, was it not best for me to look out for myself? I thought so. Could there be any harm in my being upon my guard? Certainly not. If they were honest men, I should do them no wrong; if they were dishonest men, I should but do justice to them and myself.

"All these thoughts flashed through my brain, seemingly in a moment of time; and the first thing I did was to feel for my pistols, a loaded pair of which I always carried concealed about my person. I drew them forth, and examined them with my ram-rod. To my utter amazement and alarm, I found they were capped, *but empty!*

"Then it was that my suspicions became confirmed; and I remembered of once having left them in my room, to which my clerical friend had access. Instantly I felt the hot blood rush to my temples, and beads of cold perspiration seemed to start from every pore.

"Gracious heavens! perhaps I was on the point of being murdered!

"Quickly, but quietly, I reloaded my weapons, and capped them anew. Then stealing softly and silently from the covered vehicle, I found myself in a deep hollow, with a heavy wood on either side of the narrow by-road. My companions were still conversing in low tones at a short distance. Stealthily I crept up to within a few feet of them, just in time to hear the voice of the reverend gentleman say:

"'Yes, Charley, I tell you it can be done in that way. We will announce that we have made a mistake; and then, in our apparent endeavor to turn the carriage, we will manage to cramp and upset it. Then, as you pretend to assist Withers to get out, you can seize him in such a manner as to pitch him forward upon the ground, so that we can both spring upon him at the same time, drag him into the bushes, and put an end to him where his blood will not show upon the path.'

"I heard this, and, without waiting for a reply, stole round to the back of the carriage, to await the result. I could have escaped, but a large portion of my money was contained in my traveling trunk, and I was resolved that that should not fall into the hands of the villains, even if they escaped themselves.

"I had scarcely got myself into the position intended, when Mr. Worrell came up to the carriage; and addressing me, whom he supposed to be still inside, he said, with a laugh, that he believed he had lost the wine, for by some means or other we had got upon a by-road, but himself and friend would soon turn the carriage about and regain the main route. He then advised me to keep perfectly quiet, that he would manage the matter in a moment or two, and so forth and so on; to which I replied—speaking through the back portion of the vehicle, so that my voice sounded within—that, having an easy seat, I was not disposed to leave it unless he required more help.

"The two then commenced turning the vehicle, and so managed matters as to upset it as they intended. I still carried out my part and uttered a groan as if from within.

"'Good Lord, sir, are you much hurt?' exclaimed Worrell, in a sympathetic and anxious tone.

"I groaned again.

"'Ah! sir, what a blundering accident!—let me assist you!'

"And as he began to feel carefully forward for that purpose, I slipped quietly around to the side where he stood, and, seizing him from behind, fiercely hurled him to the ground, where his head, fortunately for me, struck against a rock and deprived him of consciousness.

"'Villain!' cried I, cocking my pistols and turning upon Kinney, whom in the faint light I discovered in the act of springing forward, 'you are caught in your own vile snare, and shall not escape. Take that, thou doubly-damned monster, and return to thy master!'

"I pulled one trigger as I spoke, but the cap only exploded and the pistol remained undischarged. The next moment, along with a bitter curse, there came a flash, a report, and a seeming blow upon my forehead; and by a strange feeling of dizziness which immediately followed, I comprehended that I was shot myself, and believed that my hour had come. Staggering backward, I fell to the ground; but did not lose my consciousness, nor my presence of mind; and as the ruffian sprung forward to finish his work, I raised my other pistol, just as he was in the act of bending over me, and providentially sent its contents so directly through his heart that he fell back dead, almost without a groan.

"Gentlemen, I need not prolong my story. I was wounded by Kinney's shot, but not seriously, the ball having glanced from the frontal bone without fracturing it, and producing dizziness and confusion without depriving me at any moment of consciousness. I therefore was enabled to get up in time to bind Worrell before he recovered from the effects of his fall; and righting the vehicle, and placing him and his dead companion within it, I led the horse back to the main road, and drove on to the nearest village, some two or three miles distant, where I roused the inn-keeper and several of the inhabitants, told my story, and placed both the living and the dead in the hands of the proper authorities.

"Subsequently I appeared at the trial of Worrell, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted and sentenced to a long poriod of imprisonment. During that trial it came out that both he and Kinney were well known robbers, belonging to an organized band of desperadoes; and that even before the appearance of the pseudo clergyman at L****, there had been concocted a design to waylay and murder me for my money. Unsuspecting myself, I had fallen into their easiest trap, and by a kind Providence had barely been saved from a fearful doom.

"But I assure you, gentlemen, the lesson was one which I have never forgotten, and shall ever remember; and I think no one can blame me for henceforth insisting upon every man proving himself worthy of confidence before I put faith in him."

THE CHRISTIANIZATION OF LITERATURE.

Few persons pause, in their enjoyment of the rich and varied literature of the present age, to inquire how it came to be what it is—or whether, indeed, literature was ever anything different.

Were you to question them on this point, most of the people you meet would have to "think a minute" to answer you at all. And, when the answer did come, it would, just as likely as anything else, tell you that it sprang, full-fledged, from the head of Jupiter, when Vulcan gave the fabled blow with his sledge-hammer. Most readers, in other words, have no adequate idea of the struggles—the severe struggles—through which it has reached its present stage of progress. Especially have they failed to appreciate the influence which Christianity has exercised over it in the more modern steps of its necessarily slow development. A word, therefore, on this point, may be neither misplaced nor useless.

In the thought of an able French writer, rendered into our own forms of utterance, two opposing powers have disputed the empire of humanity, as also of the heart of each individual—sensuality and spirituality—or, to speak according to the energetic language of Scripture, the flesh and the spirit, the old man and the new.

For three thousand years the world was under the dominion of the flesh. It had a language, a literature, and a poetry, the faithful expression of sensuality into which it was transformed. For this alone it lived. This alone it pursued, everywhere. This it loved in everything, and adored, passionately, in all its forms. But Christianity, at length, came to the rescue with its spirituality. This has been gradually gaining the control of the world's literature, ever since its divine advent. We say it is "gaining," for no careful and candid observer would be reckless enough, in view of the adverse facts, to assert that its control is, as yet, complete. But its march, however retarded, is still upward and onward.

Briefly presented, this is the great issue which has been joined by Christianity with its ancient foe, Paganism. The prize is the control of the world's thoughts, opinions, and sentiments—in a word, its very destiny.

THE STARS.

BY C. D. STUART.

Now the Moon is up, with tender,
Pale and melancholy light,
And a million star-eyes render
Homage to the Queen of Night:
Let us watch through cloudy bars
For the beauteous Moon and Stars.

Trailing in the far-off heaven,
With a soft and fitful tread,
Hooded from their light till Even'
Bids them sparkle overhead:
Still they lure me, still they woo me,
Had I wings they would undo me!

Maiden-eyes, so full and lavish,
Are not brighter than those eyes
That, with silver glances, ravish
All my dreaming to the skies;
Child, I saw and could but love them,
Wondering what there was above them

Now, with holier light they glisten,
Since one taught my beating heart—
Willing for such lore to listen—
How that friends who walk apart
Through the mist of death, and leave us
Are the Stars, which should not grieve

That the Night is death, and dying
Only bears us up afar,
Where, like those I'm fondly eyeing,
Each is made a shining star;
Linked with all the beauteous olden,
In their god-home ever golden.

Pleiad lost, and Orion hidden
From his eyes by piteous tears,
Blind and wandering, as unbidden
Tracks he onward through the years
Old and gray-beard Stars! I render
Heart-full homage to your splendor!

And ye young and newer, shining
As for eldest Jove ye shone,
Ere the golden age declining
Left him shorn and stark alone;
Upward gazing, ye restore me
All the beauteous gone before me.

Happy is that river's bosom
Where your softened image lies;
Happy is the meadow-blossom
Gleaming with its dewy eyes—
In your glance a moment gleaming,
Like a heart that joys while dreaming.

Fade not ever!—ever sparkle
Through the deep and solemn night;
Hopes are frail and pleasures darkle,
O, for some unfading light!
Be ye still that light above me,
Imaging the true that love me.

EMILY WINTERS;

OR,

SAVED FROM BEING A GOVERNESS.

BY CORA BELL.

It was a small, gloomy-looking house in one of the obscure squares of London, before which a crowd of people assembled—or not exactly assembled, for the crowds were only momentarily formed by the passers-by, who paused to stare up at the closed shutters of the mansion, then, after a comment or two, passed on, to make room for others.

"When did it happen?" said one.

"This morning."

Yes, that morning Mr. Winters, the eminent banker, had committed suicide. If John Winters had one fault in particular, it was unbending pride. He belonged to an old and long-established house, had been uniformly strict and just in his dealings, so that when a crash came, which a little patience would have shown his creditors was caused by the embezzlement and fraudulent dealing of his partner, he sunk under the shock, and committed the fatal act.

He was an old man, and had married late in life, leaving an only child to lament his loss.

A more morbid or delicate organization than Emily Winters's would have sunk under the horrors that surrounded her; but God, who tempers mercy with justice, was kind to the poor orphan, and enabled her, though half wild with grief and agony, to go through it all. An execution was in the house—the tramp of many feet—coarse, unfeeling voices—then a calm came—fierce, angry creditors had taken everything, and the poor girl found herself without even a roof.

Yes, it was the old story, over and over related—friends fly from the unfortunate. The old banker had led a quiet, unostentatious life, one which had probably saved his memory from reproach more effectually than anything else, save paying his debts, could have done. His household consisted but of his daughter, housekeeper, and one servant, and his expenditure had been conducted with careful economy; he seldom saw company, except a few formal dinner parties in the year. Many visits of condolence were indeed paid to Emily, but these were chiefly prompted by curiosity, and after obtaining whatever information they could, the party withdrew, hoping that she would be able to get something to do. But none offered her a home.

We have said that Emily Winters had no friend beside that Great Being who watches with more especial care over the orphan; but she had an humble, faithful one, who still adhered to her—her father's housekeeper.

Mrs. Simpson had not been in Mr. Winters's service long, but she had been quite long enough to appreciate the goodness and amiable character of her young mistress, and to have her heart touched with pity at her unmerited change of fortune. Indeed, having lived in several wealthy families, she had accumulated sufficient money to retire, and her attachment to the motherless child had alone detained her for the last five years in her late master's employment. Her son John, too, then a stripling, had been for some time in business for himself, and had progressed so well as to have purchased a small suburban cottage and garden. It was luckily vacant at present, and thither she and her young charge removed.

After the first burst of grief was over, Emily felt grateful to find even a refuge for the present. Oh! the bitterness of leaving, for the first time, the *native* home, and except an occasional trip to Margate or Tunbridge, she had known no other. Dearly she loved that old house, every nook and cranny of which was familiar to her; that gloomy, unfashionable square had been the play-ground of her childhood, and its formal graveled walks, and rows of parched, dusty trees were pleasant to her eyes, as green fields and babbling brooks to others. Quiet and undemonstrative as a child reared without companions always is, there was a world of sensibility slumbering unconsciously in her heart—a love for every created thing, that gave a sweet gravity to her eyes, and a brightness to her smile, that caused the beholders mentally to bless her.

She was only seventeen, and the bright little world of youth and innocence cannot long remain dimmed by sorrow. A smile—the smile of an humble, grateful heart—lighted her face as she glanced round the neatly-papered room assigned to her use in their new home, and found that her books, work-box, piano, and various trifles, the gifts of her father, had been brought away, purchased secretly (she knew not in her innocence) by those noble, hard-working people.

Emily had no false suitor to grieve after—her youth and secluded life had probably saved her from that mortification. She was not beautiful enough to attract admiration at first sight, the gentle loveliness of her person and character requiring the loving atmosphere of home to exhibit their beauties to perfection.

Emily wished to be able to assist her friends, and she vainly puzzled her head as to the best mode of obtaining a livelihood.

She did not at first fully realize the dread import of that word, no, nor for many weary weeks, until almost every avenue had been exhausted. She did not play well enough to teach music, painted fans and card racks took time and trouble, and would only bring a mere trifle. Mrs. Simpson set her face against needle-work, which in London, she said, was never paid for as woman's work should be paid for. "No, my child," said she, "leave needlework alone; it would steal the brightness from your eyes, and the color from your cheeks, and bring you to the grave sooner than any employment I know of in this world."

Mrs. Simpson and her kind son would have dissuaded her from thinking of anything at all for the present, but the poor girl was too thoughtful and sensible not to see the necessity of exertion and self-dependence.

A governess was the next thing that suggested itself. Her education had been good, but not brilliant, and her manners were refined and ladylike; but when, day after day, she read advertisements for governesses, and summed up the list of the different acquirements and qualifications necessary for them to possess, her own seemed all too meagre and insufficient for the purpose.

By Mrs. Simpson's advice, however, she answered the only two that permitted a personal application, as she said it would give her an opportunity of interesting the parties better than by letter.

Punctual to the hour indicated, she found herself timidly knocking at a magnificent mansion in Soho Square. After an hour's delay, a stout, middle-aged lady, in a stiff black silk, black eyes, hair, and a decisive expression of countenance, entered the drawing-room. To Emily's modest curtsy she replied by a supercilious stare, then, coolly raising her eye-glass as she threw herself on a lounge, she commenced a running series of questions, some of which were absolutely absurd.

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"Hum, rather too young," bridling, and surveying herself in the opposite mirror; "quite so. I would prefer a person of more experience. Are you of the Established Church? What minister attends you? Do you play well? Are you perfectly versed in mathematics?"

These queries were only answered when new ones were propounded.

"Do you speak Italian and German?"

Emily did not speak German.

"That's unfortunate, for I require my governess to read German to my daughters at meal times. Lady Baloon assured me it is the only way in which she insured a good pronunciation for her girls. I hope that your temper is amiable—I lay great stress on temper; Adelaide Matilda is a young lady almost impossible to manage, unless the person in charge of her is decidedly amiable. Olivia Mary has a strong will, and requires her reasoning powers frequently appealed to; and Ferdinand——"

Poor Emily ventured to say that she thought her temper was good. One would have laid a wager it was, that looked on her sweet, patient face, and the gentle, dignified grace with which she listened to all the possible and impossible things that were required of her.

The lady rose. "I give twenty pounds a year. Should your references prove satisfactory, I will send to your address; but I am afraid that your not knowing German will prove a serious obstacle."

Her next visit was to a little less regal dwelling. A tall, thin lady, with long, spiral ringlets of flaxen hue, dressed in an elaborate morning costume of blue satin, was seated at the piano.

After the first critical glance, she inquired, in a simpering voice, if Emily sang. Emily did, but it was generally ballads.

"Ballads—horrible!" Did she not sing the fashionable songs of the day, play Italian music, operas, &c.?

Emily said, yes—occasionally.

"Can you compose music?"

"No, ma'am."

"Oh! then I would require a person who can compose well, as I generally have my own songs set to music. Have you seen my last, 'Adeliza's Lament?'"

Emily replied in the negative.

The musical genius pursed up her mouth, and said coldly—

"I don't think that you would just suit. I require a person of great taste—a finished musician, in fact—who should sing very brilliantly. My own voice, which is a fine soprano, is at present rather weak;" here the lady gave a husky hem. "I should test your voice before I engaged you, as I would require you to sing my compositions for company. Ah! then you wear mourning, a thing I should decidedly object to. I am very nervous, and can't bear persons with gloomy colors about me. Be so good as to touch that bell." Emily gladly touched it. "Altamont," to a servant man that appeared, "show this young person out. Good morning."

Five or six similar interviews completely subdued Emily's naturally timid character, and her heart throbbed wildly when any advertisement met her eyes, in which she thought there was sufficient encouragement to seek an interview. She would have wept in secret, but she was too meek-spirited to murmur, or even tacitly to repine at Providence. She applied herself to new exertions for her kind friends. Her presiding influence was soon felt in the little household, for Mrs. Simpson had a rheumatic knee, and was not able to move about as briskly as formerly. When John came home in the evening, with what delight his eye glanced round the cosy parlor, taking in everything—the artistic arrangement of the books upon the table, the musk plant, the snowy curtain, and the vase of fresh-pulled flowers.

No one could appreciate such things better than John, though he was a great, heavy young man, with a heart and feelings too big for his tongue to give utterance to them. None but himself could tell what a private source of joy Emily's advent had been to him. When a "'prentice" lad, he had been an humble visitor at Mr. Winters's, and then Miss Emily's soft blue eyes and rosy cheeks had been stored up in his heart, ever after to be associated with visions of holiday pleasures, and other good and pleasant things; although he did feel, for weeks after she came, too shy to eat or sit down quietly in her presence, but stood, with those great honest eyes of his staring at her, no doubt mentally calculating whether this earth contained another angel like her. Not that John was romantic, or if he was, he did not express himself in the least so, on the contrary, in downright cockney vernacular. Then came the daily nervous dread of losing this household angel. Mother had said she was "going a governessing," and oh! it seemed a thing impossible to him but such a treasure would be seized upon at once.

He had been present one day when Emily repeated some of her trials in search of tuitions. How red and agitated he became, and how doggedly those great fists were clenched, as if inflicting punches on some imaginary individual.

"Lauk a mercy! John dear, only see what you're doing to your Sunday hat!" and laughing good-humoredly, the mother caught it in time to save it from being thumped out of all shape.

One day Emily was about to go to the post-office for a letter she expected. Mrs. Simpson saw her pause after putting on her bonnet. "Well, love," said the good woman.

"I was thinking," said Emily, "that if you give me John's dinner, I will take it to him as I pass by. You know that Ann has got a holiday."

"Bless her heart, how thoughtful of the child. I had forgotten Ann, but no, dear, I'll take it myself."

"Let me take it this time. You said your knee pained you to-day, and the walk is so long, while I will have to pass the door. John will be glad to see me, too."

Mrs. Simpson smiled as she eagerly prepared the little basket of provisions, not forgetting John's favorites, baked potatoes, between two white towels, to keep them hot; and not sorry to be saved a long, sultry walk, she gave her the basket.

"God bless her, she is a sweet flower, as John says," murmured the good soul, as she looked affectionately after her. "Oh! I would die happy if my boy had such a wife." The fond mother fell into a fit of thought. Gradually her face brightened; she looked round the comfortable room; it was not a bad home even for a born lady like Miss Emily, she soliloquized. Oh! that she might be its honored and cherished mistress. "John will be getting up in the world by-and-by; he has two shares in the great building society, and money saved already." Though Mrs. Simpson would have hardly thought any one too good for *her* John, long habits of deference and respect had hitherto closed her eyes to the possibility of Emily's thinking of him, until the affair of the dinner had brought the gentle, humble spirit of her young guest more strikingly before her, and a prayer, like that of Naomi for Ruth, that something might come of it, rose to her lips.

John was alone in his little office, the workmen being gone to dinner, when Fido, his dog, gave a joyful look of recognition, and the next moment that little smiling figure stood before him. He bounded up, and, blushing violently, would have taken the basket from her; but no—Emily put his hand smilingly aside, spread the white cloth on the little table, took out the cold roast beef, plates, and baked potatoes, and placed them before him.

Half delighted, half ashamed, the young artisan exclaimed—

"Well, Miss Emily, if I aint vexed with my mother to let *you* come."

"Why not John? I was passing by, besides—and she held up a letter."

John looked at it dubiously. "More about that 'ere governessing, I expect," said he, in a desponding tone.

Emily nodded, and said—"I did not open it yet; but I hope it has good news in it, for I am tired of disappointment, John."

The young man's face lengthened more perceptibly. "Good news—disappointment"—he mechanically echoed.

"Eat your dinner, John, or I will never come again. Good-bye—I must run away now. Oh! what a nice shop you have got, John—and such beautiful chairs and tables!"

John was a cabinet-maker, and his face brightened considerably. "Do you think so, Miss Emily?" he stammered. "Look at this." He took down a huge bird-cage of gilt wire and mahogany, and instanter two artificial birds flapped their wings and began to sing.

"Oh! how pretty," said Emily.

"And look at this, Miss." He took off his desk a really handsome work-box, touched it, and immediately it went off in a pretty, popular tune. John evidently was a musical genius in embryo.

"How beautifully you work," said Emily, enthusiastically. "Why, this carving looks like real flowers."

John's face grew scarlet, and he felt a choking sensation in his throat. He had bent down to explain the mechanism of the box, and that silken brown hair was touching his cheek, and those sweet words of praise were ringing in his ears. He burst out—

"I did this for you, Miss Emily."

"For me, John? Oh! how good you are."

"Yes, and the bird-cage, too, Miss."

Emily smiled and looked up to thank him; their eyes met. John's whole, loving, honest nature was beaming out of his. A faint perception of the truth dawned not unpleasantly on her woman's heart. She blushed, murmured something, and turned away. John felt his heart grow bigger and stronger from the glance of those gentle eyes, but whether he ate more heartily that day of the baked potatoes, report saith not.

The letter for once was propitious. Emily had got a situation at last; six children to teach, and to read French with a grown boy, when he came home in the vacation. Guided only by her clear perception of duty, Emily accepted it; but she knew not until she had packed her trunk, and looked round her neat little room, with the smell of the clover from the meadow below coming so sweetly through the open window, how good those kind friends had been to her, and how fondly her heart clung to them. Hers was not a nature that could breast the stormy world alone; always used to love and kindness, until the one great sorrow that had clouded her young life, she had never been sad or miserable before—ready, it is true, to shed tears for little, but as ready to dry them up, and like an April morn to break out into smiles again.

She was to go early on the following morn. All was gloomy down stairs. John, who particularly disliked the idea of her teaching a great boy, was out of temper; he had eaten no supper, and had just given poor Fido a savage kick for putting his paws on the window-sill, and barking at the passengers, a trick which John himself had taught him. Mrs. Simpson's knee was bad, yet she fidgeted about more than ordinary; at last she put on her bonnet and shawl, and said she was going for a couple of minutes to visit the sexton's wife, who was ill. She kissed Emily with tears in her eyes, for fear, she said, that she might be in bed when she came home.

When she was gone John got up, whistled and walked about the room; twice he knocked down the poker and tongs, and as noisily replaced them. Emily, lost in thought, was gazing sadly down upon the little flower-garden, bright with its summer-glories, of pinks and fragrant wall-flowers. An hour must have passed away; John still walked up and down, but so very silently now, his head down and his hands in his pockets, that the ticking of the clock sounded quite loud and obtrusive. Emily had been wondering for a long time why he did not speak, and she was gliding quietly from the room when she felt her dress grasped, and John, pale and agitated murmured—"Miss Emily."

Any one less innocent and naturally-minded would have laughed at John's position. When he relinquished the dress, he had caught hold of one of the best arm-chairs and stood with one knee poised on it, while with his knife he began to whittle frantically away at the carved back.

"Miss Emily—I want to speak to you——"

"Well, John," and Emily came up beside him.

"Oh, Miss Emily, don't be angry with me—but I know you can't be that ever."

The conviction of which fact seemed to have rather a strange effect, for the poor fellow actually blubbered.

"Oh! John, don't," said Emily.

"I can't help it," sobbed John. "Oh! for God's sake, don't go away from us; all will be as dark and lonesome to me as if mother was to go. Oh! dear Miss Emily, I love you, and will try to make you happy, if you would only think a little of me."

If John's arguments were not as polished and poetic as some lovers are, his tears proved as irresistible with the gentle Emily; for when Mrs. Simpson returned from her visit, (which was a marvelous long one,) she found the pair sitting in the moonlight at the window, John's arm courageously flung round Emily's slender waist, and he whispering something in her ear. Before the good woman could recover from her astonishment, he bounded up, and whirling her round, with a huge kiss joyfully declared that Emily was going to be his wife instead of "going a governessing!"

SEA-SHORE.

BY MARY FORREST.

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" The mercury stood at 90° in my little study—at 190°, I verily believe, in my sleeping-room; the roar of the city came wading up through clouds of dust and exhalations of doubtful (?) fragrance, making the heat sometimes hotter, till my brain fairly seethed and sizzled. Reading, writing, thinking, existing, were out of the question. I hastily tumbled a few articles of apparel into a trunk—without regard, as afterwards appeared, to change of temperature or proper combinations in particular costumes—and was soon on board the "Elm City," *en route*, with Cousin Ned, for a cool, pure silence.

——Beach seemed to have been made for our emergency. Jutting out from the shore of a primitive Connecticut town, it links itself to a promontory of grand old rocks and trees, where a sturdy sea-breeze sweeps up and down, dandling the odors of wild thyme and sweet-brier. At high tide this promontory is an island, the creaming waves of the Sound pulsing against its base; and you, if you chance to be on it, sitting alone in your glory. A little way up the slope of the shore is a quaint old house, where a quaint old man with a buxom wife and a score or less of stalwart sons and daughters entertain chance wanderers like ourselves in their own quaint fashion. We had found our El Dorado.

Leaving our trunks upon the ancient porch, with an assurance from mine host that they should be carried to our rooms, "soon's the boys were thre-oo hoeing," we made all haste across the beach, now fast disappearing, to our Isle of Beauty. Ned, who has an eye always to the picturesque, struck an attitude against the bole of a wide-spreading maple, while I sank into my own lazy lounge under the shelf of a rock opposite. We had nothing to wish for. (If either of us was conscious of a lurking longing for a vis-a-vis with somebody nearer and dearer, it was unspoken.) Here was coolness—here was stillness—here was a combination of sweet odors—here were blue skies and blue waters; who could ask more? We watched the waves rise till they kissed each other over the last grain of our shining beach—then listened to their soft tattoo against the rock—then followed the silver-winged clouds that floated off into the ether like stray seraphs; and out of the beauty and silence came a strange language, like the spell of the lotus. Ned essayed a faint whisper—"delicious, Mary, delicious!" I was dimly conscious of a fainter v-e-r-y, and fell asleep.

How long I wandered in dreams, or how much the crawling of a great black ant over my face had to do with my waking, I cannot say, but when I opened my eyes the picture opposite had received some striking touches. There lay my fastidious cousin—handsome and graceful as an Adonis. One white hand pillowed his curls, while the other, which had fallen listlessly upon the turf, was covered by a monstrous mud-turtle, whose ugly head lolled comfortably out upon his dainty wristband. As if this were not enough for one set of nerves, some half-dozen measuring-worms, pendent from the maple-tree, swung back and forth in delightful proximity to the half-open mouth of our hero. Poor Ned! It had never closed upon his "delicious, Mary, delicious!" and the smile that played about it indicated that he was still in Elysium. It was a shame to waken him, but if I didn't the mud-turtle might, and if the mud-turtle didn't, the next sweep of the worms would be sure to; so I called out, "delicious, Ned, delicious!" I shall never forget the *shivering* eloquence of that first look of consciousness. He gave no start—he spoke no word—Ned is very calm—but, pale with disgust, *writhed* out from the shade of the maple-tree, and motioning to a boatman, who lay upon his oars not far from us, we were soon transferred to the opposite shore. The spell of our Fairy Isle had been rudely broken.

The boys were "thre-oo hoeing," and, together with mine host, mine hostess, and mine hostess's daughters, flew right and left in attendance upon a house full of motley guests. We sat down to a dinner of fish, baked, broiled, boiled and fried—fish, black, blue, brown and speckled; and through the open window still came fish, in the shape of an odious stench. In this part of the country the fields are enriched with white-fish, which, in a state of decomposition, make the air redolent of anything but sweetness and new-mown hay. Alas! for our lost Isle, with its breath of roses!

We ordered a row-boat—I am afraid of sails—and

"Soon o'er the bright waves floating were we."

We would round that green point of land in the distance, and forget our discomforts. Vain hope! The strange odor followed, intensifying in pungency. We were stifling. Ned instituted a search, and presently ejected two dead fish from beneath the rough board on which I was sitting. Then the tide began to rise *in the boat* to an alarming hight, and we were obliged to paddle back with all speed, to save ourselves from sinking. A beautifully bedraggled and wo-begone aspect we presented as we sprang upon shore. Ned spied another defunct fish hanging to the fringe of my shawl, and called out that I looked *finny*-cal enough for a mermaid.

At least we *could* sit in the old porch, and gossip and poetize in the moonlight. The Sound, as far as the eye could reach, was molten silver; myriads of fire-flies filled the air, like a shower of stars; it was a night for sweet interchange of confidence, when soul could meet soul without an effort; but for once in our lives we two were dumb, and after one or two spasmodic attempts to come up to the surface, a swarm of musquitos meanwhile making merry over the tingling red wine in our veins, we adjourned—to *bed*.

"To sleep, perchance to dream;" there was balm in the very thought, and slowly, beneficently two hours went by. Was it a dream, or a war-whoop, or some one *singing?* I was awake at last to the true shape of the mystery. A party of roystering fishermen had just returned, and were making night hideous. About twenty rough voices were embarked in one song, pitching and rolling without regard to time or harmony. Every now and then came the dulcet refrain—

"Don't yer hear the *turtle* dove?"

each note of which sent each particular hair on end. It was too much for poor Ned. Any allusion, however remote or ambiguous, to the turtle family, made him nervous. I heard him walking his room like a caged beast, and at five o'clock, when I opened the door to his fierce knock, his haggard face startled me.

We have returned to the hot and dusty city, and settled into the old routine with strange complacency. We are haunted by no visions of green fields and still beauty; we complain of no din—not even the wail of the cats on the wall; all odors are spicy that do not savor of dead fish. I overheard Ned singing a snatch of a famous song just now, and his voice caught an extra quiver at this line—

"And awake with a bug in your ear."

On the whole, we have bought our lesson of contentment reasonably, and have no cause to murmur.

FREE WHISKEY AND BETSEY'S FATHER.

When I opened a country store in a village of western Missouri, I gave notice that my customers should have whiskey free. Having found that all the merchants sold it at exorbitant prices, and that it cost a mere trifle in St. Louis, I hit upon that plan to draw customers; and succeeded, to my heart's content. In those days I had no compunction of conscience on the subject; and the objections and opposition of other traders only pleased and encouraged me. The old topers declared I was a noble fellow, and I soon began to make new ones. What my reflections have been, since my views and practice on the subject have undergone an entire change, I shall not attempt now to say; and I shall particularize only one of the cases of men and families who were deeply injured by the reckless course which I for a time pursued, for the narrow and selfish object of making gain.

Among my customers was an old man, who lived a few miles distant, with his wife and grown-up son and daughter. He had been for years respected as one of the most pious and intelligent Methodist preachers in that region. I early formed an acquaintance with his family, and occasionally spent a day in fishing in his neighborhood, in company with the father and son, dining at their house. They, in return, were intimate with my family; and this kind of intercourse continued for many months. I had on several occasions observed symptoms of change in the appearance of the old man, which indicated a habit of drinking creeping upon him; but such things were so common as not to make much impression upon me. An appointed day for a fishing party found me once more at his house, and at his table, when a scene occurred which I shall never forget.

The old man began to ask a blessing on the food, when he proved to be so intoxicated that he could not speak intelligibly, or finish his short petition; but, after stammering something, he gradually leaned forward, and remained motionless, with his head on the table. I managed to get through the meal with all the apparent indifference possible, and hurried off in the wagon to the brook, whence I returned in the afternoon to the house. There everything appeared to me inhospitable and chilling. The daughter indeed made arrangements for my accommodation, but avoided me, and spoke not a word. She had always been cheerful and smiling, and I took the first opportunity to ask an explanation of the change.

"Betsey," said I, "we have long been friends—have I offended you? I observe a change in your manners, which I cannot account for." She suddenly turned, stood erect before me, looked in my face with a most melancholy but penetrating glance, which I could scarcely endure, and said:

"I once thought you a friend—but what can I think now? We were a happy family, and, though poor, were respected by all around us. My father, the most benevolent and useful man in the country around, was our stay and support. What is he now? I have long seen it coming on, and tried every way to stop it, or at least to keep it secret. You now know what it is, and who has done it. Do you ask me to explain my manners towards you? We are disgraced and ruined, and you are the cause."

What I said or did before leaving Betsey I know not. I was soon in my wagon, going home faster than my old horse ever went before; and the first thing I did, on reaching my store, was to run for the axe, and the next to the whiskey-barrels, beginning with the open one in the yard. The way the hoops and staves came off, and the heads went in, was a wonder! The ground was soaked with the last whiskey I ever meddled with. I hate the taste, the smell, the very name of it, ever since. My customers wondered at my proceedings, and talked themselves dry about the extraordinary revolution in my store. My agents in St. Louis protested against such a sudden change in my way of doing business, and thought I ought, at least, to retire gradually and gently from "the liquor-trade;" but there was no half way work in me. Betsey and her father were before me, day and night, till I had gone through; and even until I received the joyful news that he had been saved from utter ruin, and restored to sobriety, respectability and usefulness, through the persevering efforts, love and prayers of his daughter. T. D.

WARNING TO BACHELORS.—Dr. Caspar, of Berlin, calculates that the mortality among bachelors, from the age of thirty to forty-five years, is twenty-seven per cent; while among married men of the same age, it is only eighteen per cent. Out of a given number, forty-one bachelors only reach the age of forty years, seventy-eight married men reach that age.

HOW SHE FELT.—Miss Dubois says the first time a coat sleeve encircled her waist, she felt as if she was in a pavilion built of rainbows, the window-sills of which were composed of æolian harps. That young woman should have her feet soaked.

PARTING.

BY ALICE CARY.

"Come lay your cheek to mine, Effie,
And say if the drifts of snow
Are running from th' northern winds
Like lambs from th' wolf? For, oh!

"My head spins round and round, Effie,
Like snow-drifts in a storm,
And th' ice is running in my blood—
Kiss me, and make it warm.

"And put your little, white hands, Effie,
Upon my face, and say
You'll name my name sometimes at night,
When you kneel down to pray.

"What ails my foolish eyes, Effie?
I cannot keep them dry—
'Tis sure an easy thing to say
The single word, good-bye."

"My cheek is close to yours, Willie,
I'm leaning over your bed,
And my arms are made to a pillow soft,
And lying under your head.

"The snow-drifts ran all night, Willie,
Like lambs from th' wolf, and, oh!
I laid my kisses all over your face,
And could not warm you so.

"And when I kneel again, Willie,
As we are used, to pray,
If you are gone, I cannot think
Of a single word to say.

"But I need not name your name, Willie,
For the eyes of the blessed God,
Will see you wrapt in my heart as safe
As th' rose in th' winter clod."

THE CABIN-BOY.

A SHIP-MASTER'S STORY.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

On my way across the Sound I fell in with two old sea-captains—John Streeter and Asa Morton—with whom I had some slight acquaintance. Streeter was all of three-score, and had followed the sea during most of his life. Morton was considerably younger, but still a seaman of much experience. The subject of the abolition of flogging in our navy came up in course of conversation, and Captain Morton expressed himself very decidedly in favor of keeping up that time-honored institution of the cat-o'-nine-tails.

"I am not prepared to say," remarked Captain Streeter, in reply, "that the condition of our men-o'-warsmen will be in every case benefited by the abolition of flogging, though I am sure that it *might* be so. The result must, after all, depend upon the habits and dispositions of the officers. The simple hanging up of the 'cat' and 'colt' cannot prevent ill-tempered, brutal commanders and lieutenants from treating their men like brutes. Still, I regard the movement as the commencement of a needed reform; though 'tis a pity that the reform could not commence in another quarter."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Why," returned the old captain, with a touch of indignation in his emphasis, "if they would commence the reform where the evil is firmest rooted, they would reform the officers first. Give our men-o'-war humane and kind-hearted officers, and there would be no need of resorting to legal enactments for the comfort of the men. A tyrant will be a tyrant still, whether he have the cat in his hand or not, and the men must suffer under him. He will find plenty of brutal and degrading modes of venting his vengeance. I tell you, sailors take their cue of habit from their superiors much more than is generally imagined."

"But," said Morton, "do I understand you to mean that flogging is never necessary on board a ship?"

"I mean more than that," answered Streeter. "I mean that the officers have it within their power to do away with nearly all kinds of punishment—I mean, of course, for such offenses as are usually punished on shipboard."

"For my part," returned Morton, "I should not care to take command of a ship if the power to punish refractory seamen as I thought proper were taken from me."

"Well," resumed Captain Streeter, "I used to think just so. In fact, there were few masters more passionate and severe than I was. Men used to run away from me, and on more than one occasion my very life has been in danger from the vengeance of men whom I had abused. I used the cat and the rope's end almost as freely as I used my tongue; and I used to wonder how it happened that I always had the luck to get such bad men.

"When I was about forty years of age I took command of the ship 'Petersham.' She was an old craft, and had seen full as much service as she was capable of seeing with safety; but her owners were willing to trust a valuable cargo in her, so I would not refuse to trust myself. We were bound to Liverpool, and nothing unusual happened until about the eighth day out, when we ran afoul of a small iceberg. It was early in the morning, before sunrise, and not more than six or eight feet of the ice was out of the water, it having been nearly all melted away in the warmer water of the Gulf-stream. I did not think that we had sustained any injury, for the shock was very slight; but I was very angry, and gave the lookout a severe punishment, without stopping to inquire whether he could have seen the berg in season to escape it.

"My cabin-boy was named Jack Withers. He was fourteen years of age, and this was his first voyage. I had taken him from a widowed mother, and had promised her that I would see him well treated—that was, if he behaved himself. He was a bright, quick, intelligent lad; but I soon made myself believe that he had an awful disposition. I fancied that he was the most stubborn piece of youthful humanity that I had ever come across. I made up my mind that he had never been properly governed, and I forthwith resolved to break him in. I told him I'd curb his temper for him before I had done with him. In reply he told me that I might kill him if I liked; and I flogged him with the end of the mizzen-top-gallant halliards till he could hardly stand. I asked him if he had got enough, and he told me that I might flog more if I wished to. I felt a strong temptation to throw the boy overboard, but at that moment he staggered back against the mizzen-mast from absolute weakness, and I left him to himself. When I reasoned calmly about that boy's disposition I was forced to acknowledge that he was one of the smartest and most faithful lads I had ever seen. When I asked him to do anything he would start off like a rocket; but when I roughly ordered him to do it, then came the disposition with which I found fault.

"One day, when it was very near noon, I spoke to him and told him to go below and bring up my quadrant. He was looking over the quarter-rail, and I knew he did not hear me, and the next time I spoke I ripped out an oath, and intimated that if he didn't move I'd help him.

"'I didn't hear ye,' he said, with rather an independent tone.

"'No words,' said I.

"'I s'pose I can speak,' he retorted, moving slowly towards the companion-way.

"His look, and his words, and the slow, careless manner in which he moved, fired me in a moment, and I grasped him by the collar.

"'Speak to me again like that,' said I, 'and I'll flog you within an inch of your life!'

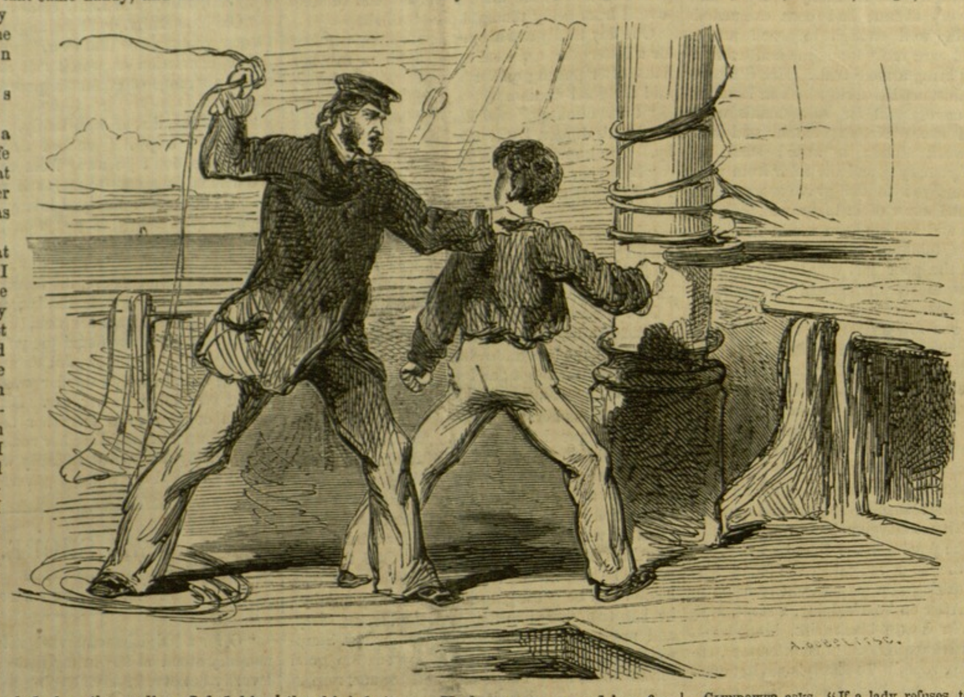
"'You can flog away,' he replied, as firm and undaunted as a rock.

"And I did flog him. I caught up the end of the first rope that came handy, and beat him till my arm fairly ached. But he never even winced.

"'How's that?' said I.

"'There's a little more life in me yet that you'd better flog out,' was his reply.

"And I beat him again. I beat him till he sank from my hand against the rail; and then I sent one of the men after my quadrant. When it came, and I had adjusted it for my observation, I found that the sun was already past the meridian, and that I was too late. This added fuel to the fire of my madness, and quickly seizing the lad by the collar, I led him to the main hatchway, and had the hatch taken off. I then thrust him down, and swore that I would keep him there until his stubbornness was broken. The hatch was then put on, and I went into the cabin. I suffered a good deal that afternoon—not with any compunctions for what I had done, but with my own temper and bitterness. It made me mad to think that I could not conquer that boy—that I could not break down his cool, stern opposition. 'But I *will* do it,' I said to myself. 'By the heavens above me, I'll starve him into it, or he shall die under the operation!'



"After supper I went to the hatchway, and called out to him, but he returned me no answer. So I closed the hatch, and went away. At ten o'clock I called again, and again I got no answer. I might have thought the flogging had taken away his senses, had not some of the men assured me that they had heard him, not an hour before, talking to himself. I did not trouble him again until the next morning; but I went to the hatchway after breakfast, and called out to him once more. I heard nothing from him, nor could I see him—I had not seen him since I put him down there. I called out several times, but he would make me no answer; and yet the same men told me that they had heard him talk that very morning. He seemed to be calling for them to help him. He would ask them for help, but he would not ask me. I meant to break him into it. 'He'll beg before he'll starve,' I thought; and so I determined that he should stay there. I supposed he had crawled forward to the forecastle bulkhead in order to make the sailors hear him. Some of the men asked to be permitted to go down and look after him, but I refused. I threatened to punish the first man who dared to go down.

"At noon I went again, and as he did not answer me this time, I resolved that he should come to the hatchway and ask for me ere I went any more. The day passed away, and when evening came again I began to be startled. I thought of how many good qualities the boy had; and I thought of his widowed mother. He had been thirty-six hours in the hold, and all of forty hours without food or drink. He must be too weak to cry out now. It was hard for me to give up, but if the boy died there from absolute starvation, it might go harder with me still. So at length I made up my mind to go and see him. It was not quite sundown when I had the hatch taken off, and I jumped down upon the boxes alone. A little way forward I saw a space where Jack might have gone down, and to that point I crawled on my hands and knees. I called out here, but could hear no answer. A short distance further was a wider space, which I had entirely forgotten, but which I now remembered had been left open on account of a break in the flooring of the hold, which would have let anything that might have been stowed there rest directly upon the outer planking of the ship.

"To this place I made my way, and looked down. I heard the plashing of water, and thought I could detect a sound like the incoming of a tiny jet or stream. At first I could see nothing, but as soon as I became used to the dim light I could distinguish the faint outlines of the boy, at some distance below me. He seemed to be sitting upon the broken floor, with his feet stretched out against a cask. I called out to him, and I thought he looked up.

"'Jack,' I said, 'are you there?'

"And he answered me, in a faint, weary tone—

"'Yes—help me! In God's name, help me! Bring men, and bring a lantern—the ship has sprung a leak!'

"I hesitated, and he added, in a more eager tone—

"'Make haste! I can hold it till you come back.'

"I waited to hear no more, but hurried on deck as soon as possible, and returned with a lantern and three men. I leaped down beside the boy, and when I saw it all I could hadly realize the evidence of my own senses. Three of the timbers were completely worm-eaten to the very heart, and one of the outer planks had been broken, and would burst in at any moment the boy might leave it. He sat there, with his back upon it, and his feet braced against the cask before him. Half-a-dozen little jets of water were streaming in about him, and he was wet to the skin. I saw that the plank must burst in the moment the strain was removed from it, so I had my men brace themselves against it before I lifted him up. Other men were called down with planks and spikes and adzes, and with much care and much trouble, we finally succeeded in stopping the leak, and averting the danger. The plank which had been stove in was six feet long by eight inches wide, and would have let in a stream of water of that capacity. It would have been beyond our reach long ere we could have discovered it, and would have sunk us in a very short time. I knew it must be where the ice-berg had hit us.

"Jack Withers was taken to the cabin, and there he managed to tell me his story. Shortly after I put him in the hold he crawled forward, and when his eyes became used to the dim glimmer that came through the dead-lights, he looked about for a snug place in which to lie, for his limbs were stiff and sore. He went to sleep, and when he awoke he heard a faint sound, like water streaming through a small hole. He went to the open space in the cargo, and looked down, and he was sure that he saw a small jet of water spurting up from the ship's bottom. He leaped down, and in a few moments found that the timbers had given wholly away, and that the stream was increasing in size. He placed his hand upon the plank, and found it broken, and also discovered that the pressure of the water without was forcing it inward. He had sense enough to see that if it gained an inch more it must all go, and the ship must be lost, and perhaps all hands perish! And he saw, too, that if he could keep the broken plank in its place he might stop the incoming flood. So he sat himself upon it, and braced his feet against the cask; and then he called for help. But he was so far away—so low down—with such a dense mass of cargo about him—that his voice scarcely reached other ears than his own. Some of the men heard him, but they thought he was talking with himself!

"And there he had sat, with his feet thus braced, for four-and-twenty long, dreary hours, with the water spurting in tiny streams, all over him, drenching him to the skin. He had thought several times of going to the hatch-way and calling for help; but he knew that the broken plank would be forced in if he left it, for he could feel it heave beneath him. His strength was failing him—his limbs were racked with pain—but he would not give up. I asked him if he should not have given up if I had not come as I did. He answered me that he could not have done it while he had life in him. He said he thought not of himself—he was ready to die—but he would save the rest if he could. And he had saved us—surely saved us from a watery grave.

"That boy lay sick in the cabin for many days—sick almost unto death—but I nursed him with my own hands—nursed him all through his delirium—and when his reason returned, and he could sit up and talk, I bowed myself before him, and humbly asked his pardon for all the wrong I had done him. He threw his arms about my neck, and told me if I would be good to him he would never give me cause for offense. And he added, as he sat up again,—*'I am not a coward—I could not be a dog!'*

"From that hour I never forgot those words. A brave man cannot be truly governed by fear; and the coward, under the influence of fear, is not to be trusted. And from that hour I have never struck a blow on board my ship. I make my men feel that they are men—that I so regard them—and that I wish to make them as comfortable and happy as possible; and I have not failed to gain their respect and their confidence. I give no undue license, but make my crew feel that they have a friend and a superior in the same person. For nine years I sailed in three different ships, and had the very same crew all the while. A man could not be hired to leave me save for an officer's berth.

"And Jack Withers remained with me thirteen years. He was my cabin-boy; one of my foremast hands; my second mate; and the last time he sailed with me he refused the command of a new barque because he would not be separated from me. But he is a captain now, and one of the best this country ever afforded. Such, gentlemen, is my experience in government and discipline on shipboard."

THE YOUNG MEN OF THE AGE.

Not long since we saw a tear gathering in the eye of an old man, as he spoke of the past and the present—of the time when he burned pine knots upon the rude home hearth for light to obtain a scanty education, and then compared the ten thousand privileges which are now scattered broadcast around every door. Oh, said he, in tremulous tones, the young men of this day do not appreciate the light of the age they live in. The words of the old man made us sad, while at the same time we felt mortified that so many of our young men fail to improve the advantages within their reach. They are ever continually murmuring about their lot, and pushing for positions where they can win the reward without the sweetening, purifying, ennobling sacrifice of toil. The mist-cloud enjoyments of a day are eagerly sought after, to the exclusion or neglect of the more honorable, intellectual and useful. In truth, few of our young men know anything of the value of the privileges around them.

AN HONEST GIRL.—A young and beautiful, but poor widow, was about to marry an old, rich widower. Her friends wished to know what she was about to marry him for? She feelingly replied, "Pure love—I love the ground (meaning the farm, probably,) on which he walks, and the very house in which he lives." There is platonic love for you. There is none of your school-girl foolishness in that.

"THEY pass best over the world," said Queen Elizabeth, "who trip over it quickly · for it is but a bog—if we stop we sink."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OREGON.—You can take the overland route to Oregon, or you can go by way of San Francisco. At long intervals, vessels sail from this port for Astoria, by way of Cape Horn. The cost of the journey will vary from $100 to $500, according to your accommodations and propensity for spending money. If you decide to go by the overland route, you should go to St. Louis, and there seek information and make your preparations; if by sea, you should come to New York and look out for chances. Occasionally a passage can be got for one-half what it would cost at other times.

FRANK H.—We cannot tell you the reason of the difference in the thickness, color, luxuriance and texture of men's beards any more than the reason of the difference in their hight, weight, thickness, strength, and complexion. We do not believe that here is any ointment or balm which will either retard or accelerate the growth of the beard.

SETH L.—We do not care to interfere in other people's honest business. Employers and employed have a right to regulate their own relations. You need not work for the company you mention unless you choose to do so.

D. O.—The weakness of your daughter's eyes cannot be cured so long as she studies six hours a day. Do not let her look at a book until her eyes are completely restored.

J. R.—Your friend is right. It is customary for the tea-spoon to be left in the cup when drinking tea or coffee, and not in the saucer.

GLENDOWER asks, "If a lady refuses to accompany one gentleman on a ride, and half an hour afterwards accepts the invitation of another, would you not consider that as an insult?" No. Every lady has a right to choose her companions, and to decline or accept invitations according to her own good pleasure. She might care nothing about, or might in fact dislike the first caller, while the second might be a very dear friend, or perhaps her accepted lover. The idea that the mere asking of a lady to ride is to debar her for any specific time from accepting an invitation from another, is absurd. Were it otherwise, an active and jealous man might keep all the girls of his acquaintance from riding with any one but himself.

CONSTANT READER.—The rates of passage to San Francisco are so constantly changing, that you should examine the advertisements, in the daily papers, of the various companies and ship-owners, that run vessels between that port and New York. The price of a passage is from $50 to $300, according to quality and opportunity; the time, via the Isthmus, varies from twenty-six to forty days, and in sail vessels, around Cape Horn, from ninety to one hundred and fifty days.

BEN FRANKLIN.—You could easily acquire a thorough knowledge of grammar, by studying it a couple of hours each evening, while pursuing your business. By reading attentively such authors as Addison, Johnson, Blair, Robertson, Gibbon, Hume, Macaulay, Carlyle, Irving, and Bancroft, you would learn the best use of language, and gradually acquire a good style of writing. Read the life of Franklin, and see how he managed such matters. That will be just the thing for you.

CARADOC.—The lady might justly have cut your acquaintance for so impudently attempting to dictate what companion she should choose. According to your own statement your "attentions to her have not been very particular," and yet you attempt to coerce her into accepting your company to a party when she has engaged to go with another. Such conduct on your part was very ungentlemanly, not to say brutal. We are not surprised that "the lady never refers to the subject." It must be a very unpleasant one for her.

J. E. C.—The meaning of the cipher in the designation of Sir Charles Fourreau's regiment, the 01st, mentioned in the story of "Richard Hoffman," is the same as that of the dash in a name which the writer does not wish to mention; such as "—— street," the "Duke of ——," etc. The number "01st" serves the same purpose of disguise or suppression, as the author, from motives of delicacy, does not wish to mention any regiment out and out.

D.—In order to get your money, you will have to place the matter in the hands of some lawyer in England. State the facts to him, send him the borrower's letters to you, and tell him on what ship said borrower is acting as assistant surgeon, and he will be able to collect the money for you, as soon as (under the circumstances) it would be possible for any one to recover the amount.

MADCAP.—You *are* a mapcap, and no mistake. The idea of a sixteen-year-old girl's hair turning gray is truly a serious matter. We can prescribe no remedy. Were you our daughter, we think we should try the experiment of shaving your head. By thus giving your hair a chance for a new start, it might come out in a color more becoming to your age.

Q. R. S.—When a gentleman and lady, walking together, come to so narrow a place on the pavement that both cannot pass it at the same time, the gentleman should politely pause while the lady passes, and then rejoin her. Were it a dangerous spot, he should precede the lady and hold her by the hand as she passes it.

AMBITION.—It depends on how you wish to enter the British army—whether as a private or an officer. If as a private, you can enlist at any recruiting station; if as an officer, you must buy a commission, unless you have influential friends in the government to take care of your interests.

PRESERVER.—In the LEDGER of March 14th, 1857, you will find a full statement of the qualifications necessary to secure admission, as a cadet, into the Military Academy at West Point. You can obtain that number of the LEDGER of us direct, or you can order it through a news-dealer.

BOURGEOIS.—You have your enemy in your power. You can defeat any legal attempt on his part to collect the amount of the note, as the fact of usury is apparent. You can take advantage of this, for the purpose of making him do justice in regard to all your other dealings with him.

J. W., Jr.—You can enlist as a sailor, in the U. S. Navy, for three years. We would advise you not to take such a step. You had better stick to your trade. You can make more, and in every way do better as a printer, than as a sailor in the U. S. Navy, or any other.

L. L.—The wearing of your miniature in his fob is no proof that the man loves you. As you know that he has led an immoral life, we are surprised at your having anything to say to him. If you marry him, you will doubtless be miserable, as you would deserve to be.

J. H. G.—We do not know what you mean by claiming to be "a weekly *contributor* to the LEDGER." Perhaps you mean that you *buy* it every week; if so, you have greatly mistaken the meaning of the word. A gentleman should be introduced *to* a lady, and not the lady *to* the gentleman.

FRANK S.—There is no such word as "gouch" in the English language. The girl is making sport with you, and sending you on Tom-fool errands by way of punishment for your impertinent curiosity.

ACTOR.—If you seriously and energetically object to becoming an actor, your father will not be apt to compel you to adopt the profession. There are no books which teach the art of acting.

MARY.—You was not at all to blame for wishing your visitor away. Your husband did wrong to speak so harshly to you. A man has no business to scold his wife, under any circumstances.

RENGARD, Baltimore.—We can send you the LEDGER to Europe, if you will state what your address will be. To England the postage will be two cents a copy; to France and Germany it is four cents a copy.

P. T. X.—You must decide questions of feeling which arise between you and your affianced wife for yourself. A stranger cannot properly understand such matters.

J. B.—Your French friend is mistaken. Louis Napoleon *is* a nephew of Napoleon the Great. He is the son of Hortense Beauharnais and Louis Bonaparte.

EMMA.—You can, by your manner, give the gentleman to understand that you do not look upon him with favor. If he take offence, it will not be your fault, but his own.

STRANGE IDEA.—Your idea is a strange one, certainly. You had better consult a physician, and let him quiet your fears.

TORRENT, No. 1.—Some of our city fire-engines will throw water to a hight exceeding one hundred feet.

GEORGE says that a friend recently presented him with a basket of very fine berries, accompanying the gift with a request that he would *return the basket*. Our correspondent's pleasure in the courtesy of his friend was seriously marred by this drawback; not that he had any objection to the returning of the basket, which was of but trifling value, but because it detracted from the free generosity of the giver. He would like to know, therefore, whether, in making such a gift, it would not be best to say nothing about the "utensil" in which it is contained. Yes, certainly. Were the giver a near neighbor, or a relaive, or a *very intimate friend*, with whom you often interchanged visits, it would not be in bad taste for him to ask for the basket, or for you to give it to him unasked; but in any other case the giver—to use a phrase more expressive than elegant—should "do the thing up to the handle," and say nothing about the basket, nor should you offer to return it. For him to ask it appears very *small*.

MECHANIC.—It is the mind and soul—the heart and disposition, which ultimately give a man his social position. There are exceptions, of course. Those who are rich, and keep themselves surrounded with attractions, necessarily have a great advantage over the poor, whose apparel, and houses, and general surroundings, are homely, rough, and repellant. Who does not prefer a butterfly to a snail! and yet, in what respect, except *in mere appearance*, is the butterfly better than, or superior to, the snail? A sober, industrious, honest, intelligent mechanic is always respected by the best people; while an idle, profligate fellow is not respected, however high his position, although his connexions may compel good people to *tolerate* his company rather than wound the feelings of his relatives.

B. P.—The phrase "auri sacra fames" means "the accursed thirst for gold." We agree with you that, in newspapers and works intended for popular use, quotations from foreign languages, and the use of foreign words should be utterly avoided, or else the translation of the foreign phrase or word should be given. The best writers seldom do use foreign words or phrases; but your *pretender* sprinkles them in most lavishly. He is as fond of showing off his smattering of foreign tongues as a dandy is of exhibiting his patent leathers, ornamental neck-tie, and other "stunning" articles of dress. Nothing sets us against an applicant for literary employment more than the discovery in his or her manuscript of foreign words. We are firm in the conviction that what cannot be said in English had better be left unsaid.

PITSBURGH BOY.—It would be going ahead rather fast for a man to invite a young lady out to get refreshments, the same evening he was introduced to her, although his doing so could not properly be set down as "wrong." It would be better for him to behave with more forbearance and delicacy, so as to give the lady a chance to become somewhat acquainted with him, before asking her for such a proof of respect and confidence. A thoughtful and discreet young woman would not wish to appear in public with a man whom she did not know or esteem; but it is said that there are thoughtless, greedy girls who, to secure an ice-cream or a visit to the opera or some other place of amusement, would go with a stranger or even with a man whom they despised.

ATLANTA, Ga.—Yes. It is the prerogative of a lady to speak or bow first, on meeting a gentleman of her acquaintance, and the slighter the acquaintance, the more rigidly is the rule adhered to. It is not improper to serenade a lady with whom you are unacquainted. The serenade is a medium of expressing regard or admiration, which is available for a stranger as well as a friend. It is the serenader's own voluntary act, which the lady is in no way responsible for and need not recognize, and which cannot annoy or compromise her, as a call upon her, or the addressing of her in the street, might do.

LEX.—A knowledge of the Greek language is not an indispensable accomplishment for a lawyer, nor is it *necessary* for a student to attend a law school, nor to read history extensively. He can succeed in passing an examination, and can do a great deal of profitable law business without any of those advantages; but the more knowledge he has, of all kinds, the better. He can never become a great lawyer without extensive reading and intense study. But law is in some respects like medicine, and it is easier, and sometimes more profitable, to practice it as a quack than as a man of science.

B D. G.—Wants to know what would be the best course for a young man to pursue who wishes to become a *good* lawyer. This is a question which cannot be answered in a paragraph. It would take an elaborate essay to give the advice you ask. Secure a situation as student in the office of some good lawyer, with a large practice, and you will soon begin to see what course you had better adopt, and your master will be able to teach you more in a year than you could ever learn by abstract study.

QUICK.—It will probably be impossible for you to get at the exact truth with regard to the slanders upon your lady-love. If you have not faith enough in her to scorn them all, you had better not marry her. In case *you* should be slandered, how would you then like to have *her* act? You must remember the golden rule, and do as you would be done by.

FRAGOLETIAN.—No. There are no books from which you can learn Latin, French, Italian, German or Spanish in "six *easy* lessons," or six *hard* ones either, unless each lesson last six months. In writing, a line is drawn under such words as are to be printed in Italics. Authors should punctuate their works accurately.

N. D.—On learning the sufferings of his mother, your truant son will doubtless hasten home, that his presence may help to assuage her grief, as no boy or man with a human heart beating in his bosom, would voluntarily add to a mother's sorrow.

LUCRETIA.—Your table or scheme for ascertaining the age of any person is a very ingenious one, but it is also very old, and has been so extensively published that it would be nothing new or interesting to the great majority of our readers.

B.—If the young lady's parents should object to her corresponding with you, you should not try to induce her to maintain a clandestine correspondence. If you love her, and tell her so, and ask their consent to your addresses, they will probably grant your request.

TUSCUMBIA says there has been a dispute among his friends as to whether the sentence—"Men's and Boys' Shoes for Sale here," is correct. We do not see anything out of the way in it. The suggestion that there should be a comma after "Men's," is not a happy one.

J. T. L.—To the Empress Eugenie is ascribed the honor or folly of having initiated the wearing of hooped skirts and indefinitely expanded crinoline. She is now, we believe, setting her face against them; so, we presume, they will shortly go out of fashion.

J. V. E.—No. Until your wife dies, or you get legally divorced from her, you cannot lawfully marry again, no matter what she does. You can get back numbers of the LEDGER, either of us, or any newsdealer, as far back as June 7th, 1856.

BROWN BESSIE.—According to your statement the lovers will not be likely to be annoyed by "uncongeneality of disposition" in case they marry; but still, they should treat their parents' wishes with respect, and do all they consistently can to avoid wounding their feelings.

L. W., Cedarville.—We do not insert advertisements or even "requests," in the LEDGER. Do you suppose that any respectable young lady would send her address to a stranger, merely because it was asked for?

JOSEPH.—The young lady's omission to invite the young man "to call again," was probably a mere oversight. Her conduct otherwise, as described by you, was a sufficient invitation.

CUSHING.—You are right in supposing that we do not and cannot answer one in fifty of the questions which are asked us. Should we answer them all, we should have to exclude everything else from the LEDGER.

SARA H.—Your defense of the Indians is very amiable in spirit and admirable in style, but neither it nor any other "defense" of them can avert their doom. Their extermination is simply a question of time.

W. C.—You might get a situation as wrapper writer in some newspaper office in this city, but the chances would be slight, as that department of industry is rather overstocked. Your hand-writing is good enough.

R. H.—We think that a young lady, who, after a week's acquaintance, often hugs and kisses a man whom she knows to be engaged to be married, must be quite devoid of delicacy.

SAILOR BOY.—It makes no difference what work on navigation you study. You can get some treatise by inquiring at almost any bookstore.

B. H., Boston.—We can give Free-Lovers no information in regard to the contemplated movements of their pestiferous clan.

HAMILTON.—The "alumni" of a college or school are those who have been educated thereat. One of the alumni would be an *alumnus*—that being the singular form of the word.

D.—The trouble you mention is a *habit* and not a *disease*. You must be your own physician, and leave off the practice.

T. C. P.—Yes. Your wife having eloped, you can get divorced from her, and keep your children under your own care.

IRENE.—The meaning of "au revoir" is "till we meet again." It is often used in the place of adieu, good-bye, &c."

JENNY, THE COUNTRY GIRL.—Your "First Love and Blasted Hopes" will not answer for the LEDGER.

SETH HARPER.—Your mother can make an affidavit as to your age, and send it to you by mail.

W. C. B.—We would not advise any man to place his daughters with the Shakers.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*